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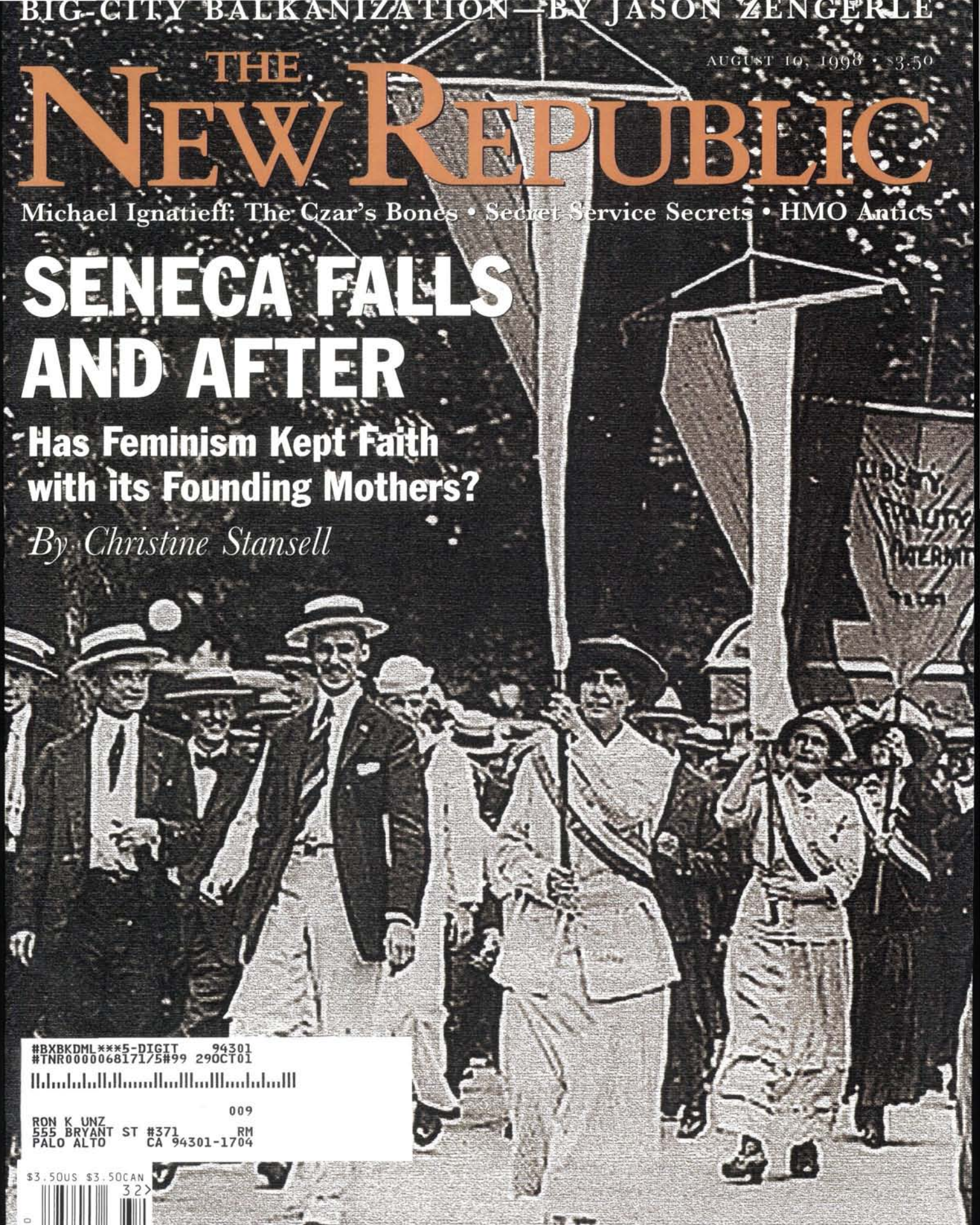

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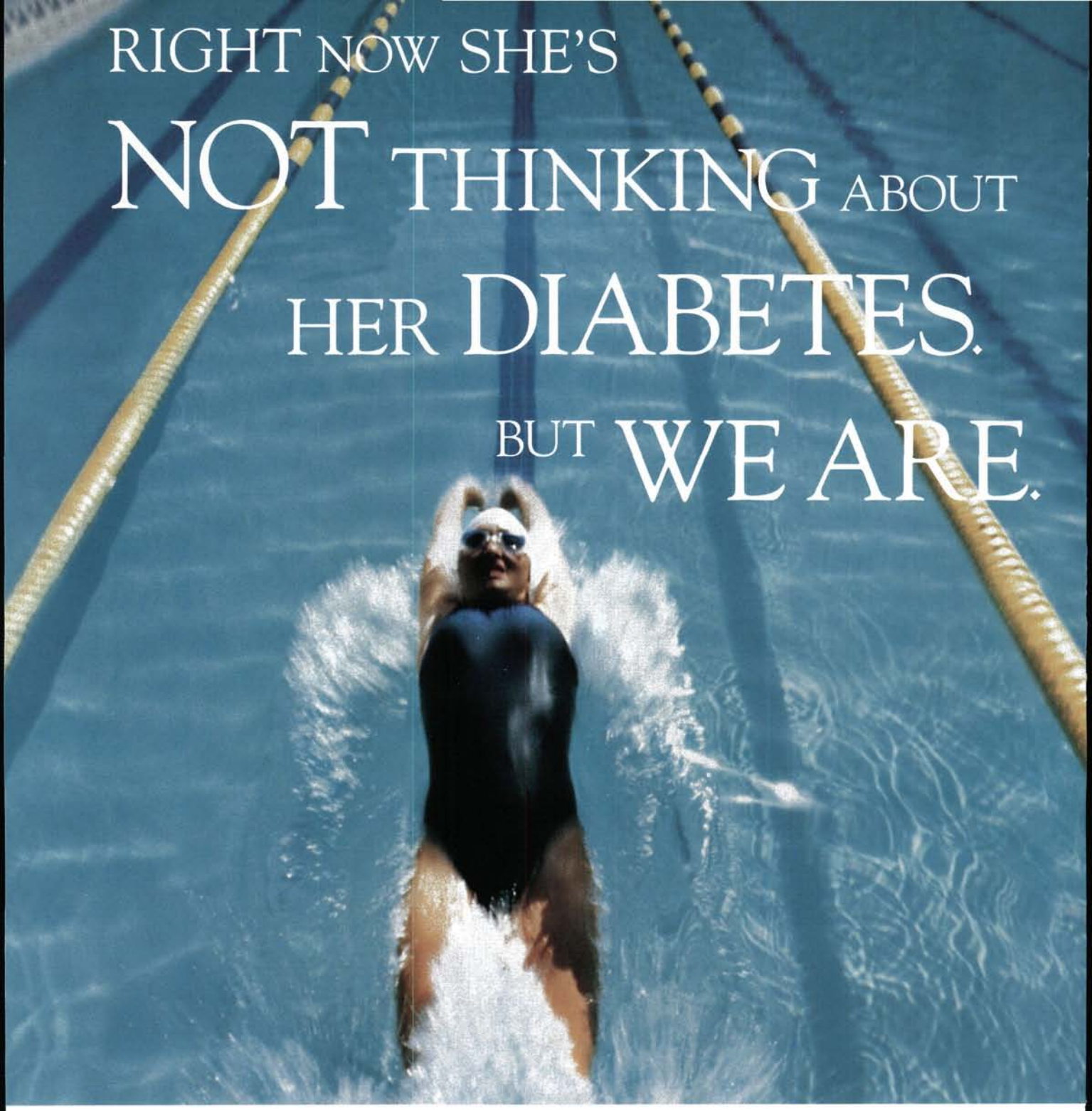

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AUGUST 10, 1998

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CORRESPONDENCE

Harassed

To the editors:

Jeffrey Rosen's "In Defense of Gender-Blindness" (June 29) is a fine contribution to the development of sex discrimination law and sexual ethics. It's the kind of article that has kept me loyal to THE NEW REPUBLIC for some 40 years. Whether or not one agrees with Rosen, one cannot but be grateful for the careful, detailed, and thoughtful analysis of this important, difficult subject.

GEORGE B. DRIESEN
Via the Internet

To the editors:

For at least five years, Jeffrey Rosen has mounted an impressive public relations campaign in favor of restricting Title VII's prohibition on sex discrimination when the claim is based on sexual harassment.

We've heard enough. Substantively, Rosen has overstated the harms the law admittedly causes and, much more significantly, understated the harms the law prevents. He is certainly entitled to explicate his views, but there is another side to the sexual harassment story—one that is sensible to many working people and to many centrist jurists—and your readers deserve to hear about it.

KATHARINE SILBAUGH
Associate Professor
Boston University School of Law
Boston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

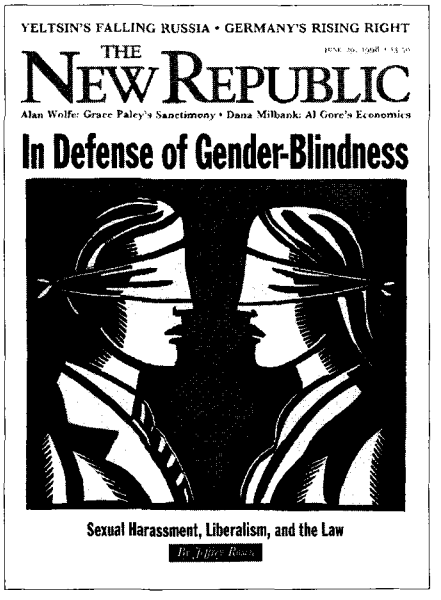
Jeffrey Rosen clearly thinks that the pursuit of equality through sexual harassment law should be reshaped in deference to free speech but never addresses the rationale for choosing one essential value (speech) over another (equality). I appreciate that sexual harassment law poses compelling issues, but it is *not* self-evident that the protection of speech should be the organizing force in workplace relations.

KATHLEEN E. LYON
Columbus, Ohio

To the editors:

Jeffrey Rosen's description of my work is misleading. I *do* argue that the prevailing view of harassment is too narrow, because the emphasis on sexual advances obscures other forms of sexism that interfere with the ability to work. But I *also* argue that it is too broad, because it encourages companies to ban sexual interaction even when it does not threaten gender equality on the job. I criticize cases in which men have been fired for transgressions such as sending off-color cards; I also criticize rules that reinstate discrimination against women, such as bans on men and women traveling together. In the name of protecting women from sexual violation, companies are overreaching to protect *themselves* from potential liability.

The solution is not to create special rules for company liability—as Rosen advocates—but to redefine harassment itself. We should stop trying to rid the workplace of all sexual activity and return to Title VII's original aim of opening up all lines of work to everyone, free of gender-based interference. We should define harassment as an appropriation of work, not sex.


YELTSIN'S FALLING RUSSIA • GERMANY'S RISING RIGHT
THE
NEW REPUBLIC
Alan Wolfe: Grace Paley's Sanctimony • Dana Milbank: Al Gore's Economics
In Defense of Gender-Blindness
Sexual Harassment, Liberalism, and the Law

This approach would alleviate free speech concerns rather than exacerbating them, as Rosen suggests. Rosen's firefighter hypothetical misrepresents my work. No court would say such a lone comment is actionable harassment, nor do I advocate this. The cases I cite as harassment involve derogatory insults directed at harassees or circulated among their coworkers or clients, plus other discriminatory practices designed to discredit harassees or undermine their performance, such as work sabotage or unequal training or evaluation. Other free speech proponents have praised, rather than condemned, my emphasis on ensuring that any disparaging or sexually oriented remarks are part of a larger structure of discriminatory practices.

Managers shouldn't squelch all sexual interaction, but they *should* dismantle any barriers that prevent women or men from pursuing work on equal terms. In America, no one owns any type of work; we are all entitled to pursue our dreams. This is the liberal ideal at the heart of Title VII and the one expressed by Justice Ginsburg, whom Rosen rightly admires. My work gives content to this ideal. In fact, after long conversation, Rosen told me, "You really are the last Ginsburgian." That he changed his tune so dramatically in print suggests that he doesn't really understand liberalism—or my work—after all. I invite readers to form their own opinions.

VICKI SCHULTZ
Professor
Yale Law School
New Haven, Connecticut

Jeffrey Rosen replies:

In my respectful discussion of her recent article, I praised Vicki Schultz for trying to reorient sexual harassment law away from its misguided focus on sexual expression. But, after giving Schultz every opportunity to clarify her views, I reluctantly concluded that her proposal to forbid comments that "demean the person as a professional," as she puts it, would, in the aggregate, expand employer liability and suppress free expression even more dramatically than current law. Schultz is elusive, in her article, about whether or not a single demeaning comment could be actionable, but prudent employers under her regime would clearly have an incentive to ban even isolated comments that demean women, because Schultz believes that a pattern of such comments should lead to automatic employer liability, unless the company can prove that women are proportionately represented in hiring and promotion throughout the corporate workplace as a whole.

Bad trade

To the editors:

In his review of Pat Buchanan's protectionist philosophy ("Trade Free or Die," June 22), Robert J. Samuelson evokes the timeworn Ricardo defense of free trade (known in economic circles as "specialization and trade"). However, he overlooks the principal argument of most "left" protectionists like myself—that the production "advantage" enjoyed by Third World countries is accrued through human rights violations, unfair labor practices, and environmental degradation that is financed by American capital in oligarchic political circumstances—violations that these very same companies are prohibited (justly so) from enjoying in the United States.

BRIAN ERB
Via the Internet

To the editors:

I am constantly amazed when economists

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argue that, as a result of free trade, the United States will manufacture supercomputers and our trading partners will manufacture shoes, as Robert J. Samuelson suggests. The truth is that our trading partners make both shoes and supercomputers, along with automobiles, DRAMS, and steel. In fact, our trading partners manufacture whatever products their governments decide they should manufacture, not "specializ[ing] in what they do best." Koreans aren't innately better at manufacturing DRAMS than Belgians or Dutch or Americans. Rather, years ago, the Korean government targeted the DRAM industry and nurtured, supported, subsidized, and protected their domestic industry. Today, Korea dominates that sector. Substitute Japan and automobiles, Germany and steel, and you begin to get the picture, all the way to a nearly $200 billion goods deficit for 1997.

I was also surprised to learn, according to Samuelson, that "the number of net jobs affected by trade (jobs created by exports minus jobs lost to imports) is tiny. Trade's true advantage is that it raises living standards." Although Samuelson offers no statistics to support this contention, it defies reason to conclude that a $200 billion goods deficit does not cause significant job loss (even discounting for imports of natural resources—such as oil or coffee beans—that are not significantly produced in the United States). In fact, even Samuelson must agree that the trade deficit reduces GDP growth, slowing job creation, particularly in the manufacturing sector. Moreover, the same week that Samuelson's article was published, Labor Department statistics were released showing an ever-increasing gap between the wages of skilled workers and the wages of unskilled workers, whose jobs, unfortunately, have systematically been moved abroad. In fact, the bottom one-tenth of workers, according to *The New York Times*, make less today than they did in 1982, adjusting for inflation, seriously undermining the conclusion that trade raises living standards.

ERNEST F. HOLLINGS
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Strange bedfellows

To the editors:

Jonathan Cohn may be surprised to learn that the National Right To Work Committee agrees with him that Proposition 226 was a flawed initiative ("Grover Cornered," June 29). But his analysis of why it was flawed must be challenged.

As Cohn so delicately points out, unions are "not your run-of-the-mill voluntary organization[s]." That is to say, under federal law, there are currently 7.5 million employees who risk being fired if they refuse to pay their union dues or "fees." Cohn and Prop 226 advocates like California Governor Pete Wilson agree that forcing workers to pay dues is okay because, supposedly, it's for the workers' own good. But there are millions of highly productive employees who are forced to accept union representation at the bargaining table that results in their pay being lowered. And it is not fair to force these employees to pay for such "representation." The problem with Prop 226 is that it skirted the basic issue of freedom of choice. The real solution is to repeal the provisions in federal law that empower organized labor to collect compulsory dues.

STAN GREER
National Right To Work Committee
Washington, D.C.

Paternalistic

To the editors:

Glenn C. Loury notes that recent social policy tries to control lifestyles in ways economists cannot comprehend ("Uneconomical," June 29). I appreciate his generous reference to my book, *The New Paternalism*. But one correction. In my understanding, paternalism doesn't seek to "alter individuals' views about how to live their lives." If that were true, the challenge to economism would be limited. Even economists assume that changing values changes behavior. I'd say paternalism seeks to enforce values more than change them. The main problem isn't to get poor people to want the right thing. Most of them already want to work, get through school, and so on. Rather, the problem is to get them to live by these values more consistently.

They commonly don't. Behavior is inconsistent even with their own goals. That's what really undercuts economism. For it suggests that people are dysfunctional rather than immoral. They fail to advance even their own self-interest, let alone society's. That violates the presumption of individual competence at the core of economics and, indeed, the entire American system.

LAWRENCE M. MEAD
New York, New York

Testing the law

To the editors:

As Adrian Wooldridge makes clear ("A True Test," June 15), the reason that proponents of affirmative action want to stop using the SAT and replace it with other selection criteria is to ensure a particular racial and ethnic mix in our

continued on page 41

The word is out on Spin:
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FROM WASHINGTON

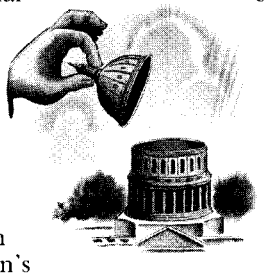
Unprotected

I can't think of any logical argument to refute Ken Starr's claim that the president should not be able to engage in raw illegalities in front of his Secret Service bodyguards, safe in the knowledge that they can't be compelled to testify. Starr was also right that no court or statute had previously recognized the Secret Service's claim of a "protective function privilege." ("A constitutional absurdity," harrumphed Judge Laurence Silberman of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit.) Furthermore, Starr is hardly the only one to blame for the fact that the agents have been forced to testify. If Clinton had voluntarily told everything he knows about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky, the whole issue might have been avoided.

Still, I can't avoid feeling that, for American democracy, Starr's victory is bound to be a pyrrhic one. It reminds me a bit of the Supreme Court's myopic ruling in *Clinton* v. *Jones*. In putting an end to the ambiguity surrounding the question of whether a president could be subject to civil litigation while in office, that ruling purported to enshrine the principle that "no one is above the law." The Court based its decision on the prediction that fending off a lawsuit would present only minor inconveniences for a sitting president. Plausible in theory, the utter impracticality of the decision quickly became evident as the Jones suit devolved into a media circus that nearly consumed the Clinton presidency before it was eventually dismissed.

Now, in that same earnest, breezy spirit, the Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit has settled the ambiguities surrounding Secret Service testimony in favor of the independent counsel and against the institution of the presidency, telling us that "the harm asserted [if the Secret Service must testify] is future harm, depending on a prediction about what the president will do in the absence of the privilege." The court writes as if it were self-evident that the Secret Service's prediction is wrong—but articulated no reason to presume that its own crystal ball is more reliable.

If anything, the Secret Service may have underestimated the risks posed by a situation in which the president's bodyguards can be called upon to testify about his every word and deed, even those which do not appear illegal or even questionable at the time they occur. It's all well and good to say, as Starr's supporters do, that the president will just have to refrain from doing anything illegal or impeachable in front of his bodyguards. As in *Clinton* v. *Jones*, the theory is "no one is above the law." But, in the real world, the line between controversial presidential policy decisions on the one hand, and violations of the law or impeachable offenses on the other, is often difficult to draw. (Or have the Republican-appointed judges who issued the D.C. Circuit's ruling forgotten the Reagan administration's argument that Iran-Contra was just a case of "criminalizing policy differences"?) Sure, we'd want the Secret Service to rat out a presidential bank-robbery plot (as current law already requires them to do). But what if the president holds a secret meeting to inform the Bosnian government that, in order to help Bosnia defeat the Serbs, the United States will permit arms shipments from Iran's terrorism-exporting government? Should the law compel Secret Service agents to come before Congress or the courts to tell everything they know about that?



The point is that there is no such thing as a purely impartial or nonpartisan investigation of the president. However valid, every investigation will be tinged with politics for the simple reason that every president is an elected official who, like all elected officials, has political opponents. Thus, those who are called upon to testify in a case against the president are being brought into a proceeding whose very nature is not only legal but also political. What Ken Starr has established is the rather novel principle that the Secret Service must henceforth function not only as the president's protectors but also as the eyes and ears of the president's political adversaries.

Presidents may deal with this awkward situation in one of two ways. The first is the method the Secret Service's lawyers have already warned against: The president could keep his or her bodyguards at a distance, increasing the chances that an assassin will be able to slip into range. The second method would be to attempt to buy the personal loyalty of the agents—perhaps by offering plum federal jobs and other benefits—in the hope that they'll keep their mouths shut if and when they're subpoenaed. Either way, the credibility and élan of the Secret Service would be compromised. Either way, the door would be opened to the politicization of what is, or was, one of the last bastions of true nonpartisan professionalism in the federal government.

And why is the professionalism of the Secret Service so important? You might as well ask why we care so much about the threat of presidential assassination in the first place. Obviously, we care because any murder is a human tragedy, and the murder of the titular head of the national community is traumatic for all Americans. But morality and emotions are only part of the rationale; cold political and constitutional considerations are even more important. Quite simply, in a democracy, we don't change governments by violence. We cannot permit the will of the people—as embodied in the person who has been elected to represent the entire nation for four years—to be thwarted by the gun. When the president is murdered, democracy, too, is a casualty; the very legitimacy of the state is wounded. Indeed, the public's trust in government has probably never fully recovered from the damage done by the Kennedy assassination and the conspiracy theories surrounding it.

This, I think, is the political argument the Secret Service's lawyers were trying, unsuccessfully, to articulate when they groped to establish a "protective function privilege" for the president's bodyguards. Judge Silberman can call that notion "a constitutional absurdity" if he wants, but the real absurdity is that a federal judge could be so blithe about the need for a professional, apolitical presidential bodyguard in a contentious, violence-prone modern democracy. Secret Service protection isn't some kind of presidential perk. It is a critical element in the stability of our political system. And, now that Secret Service bodyguards have been compelled to testify before Ken Starr's grand jury about an incumbent president's private words and actions, it is an element of democratic stability that has been subtly, but significantly, undermined.

CHARLES LANE

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

AUGUST 10, 1998

CASH CROP

The summer has been hot and dry, and so, as often happens during hot, dry summers, the media have been treating us to sorrowful meditations on the plight of the American farmer. These are hearty yeomen, rising at dawn to begin their back-breaking labor, in danger of losing land their families have tilled for generations, etc. The response from Washington has been no less melodramatic. Both parties are scrambling to outdo each other in demonstrating their concern.

Not that the farm crisis is phony. The northern Plains states have endured an atrocious run of misfortune, including floods, drought, and crop diseases. Rather, the trouble with this ritualistic outpouring of sympathy is that we hardly ever hear a word about the plight of the convenience store operator or the tragedy of the disappearing barber. Agriculture is a business just like any other, and this is the point that the American body politic seems not to have fully grasped.

This is not merely a conceptual question. At stake is the federal government's capacity to stick to the course it charted two years ago, when both the president and Congress set out to gradually remove the regime of regulations and subsidies that had governed agriculture since the New Deal. The rationale for cutting farmers off the dole was clear enough. Crop subsidies raised the cost of food, which imposed a hidden tax borne most heavily by the poor. The beneficiaries, moreover, were not so poor; the average farmer's household earns more than the average nonfarmer's household does. More broadly, a liberal government should smooth out the rough edges of capitalism by establishing broad-based transfers and social insurance programs, not selected preferences for particular industries. Poor farmers are no more intrinsically deserving than poor auto mechanics.

So, quite logically, Congress passed the 1996 Freedom to Farm Act. This ended the system under which the government reimbursed farmers if commodity prices fell below a certain level. In its place, Congress promised seven years of set cash payments to farmers, after which the subsidies would end altogether. In effect, Congress kicked farmers off the dole but gave them a generous cash settlement to help ease the transition.

Now, however, Freedom to Farm is facing its first big political test, as thousands of farms on the northern Plains are threatened with bankruptcy. This summer, Democrats in Congress, recognizing a potential campaign issue, started blaming Freedom to Farm. "It has become clear the 1996 farm bill has pulled the safety net from under family farmers," declared Iowa Senator Tom Harkin. Colin Peterson, a senior Democrat on the House Agriculture Committee, put it more bluntly: The Republicans, he said, are "vulnerable in my area." Congressional Republicans immediately got the drift and proposed to give farmers an advance on their payments.

This is not, in and of itself, a disastrous course of action. The amount of money is relatively small, and the payment is an advance, not an increase. But the decision carries the potential to undermine the whole scheduled transition to a free market. What happens next year if conditions don't improve and farmers have already received their checks? No doubt they will try to pressure Congress to increase their payments. If Congress yields, this could go on forever. And then, instead of ending an entitlement, Congress will have simply transformed it into a more naked form of welfare—one of particularly dubious merit.

In that regard, it's a little worrisome to see that even free-market conservatives shy away from articulating the principles of Freedom to Farm. House Speaker Newt Gingrich still prefers to portray the bill as an unambiguous boon to farmers that has freed them from "the paperwork program of quotas and structure and paperwork." This is true enough, but it's only a partial rebuttal to Democrats like Harkin. After all, farm-state Democrats would probably be happy to pass out more subsidies unencumbered by additional regulations. The problem with the Democrats is not that they want to impose too much paperwork on the farmer; it's that they insist on propping up economically unproductive activity.

Sooner or later, everyone is going to have to face the realities of the free market. Larger farms often enjoy economies of scale, which means that some small family farms will go under. And the soil of the northern Plains is less fertile than elsewhere. If all the farmers currently working there cannot earn a profit without a heavy subsidy, then some of them will have to find a different line of work. That may be sad, but it's the way the rest of the economy works. The proper response is not to wish this reality away but to cope with it. •

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NOTEBOOK

HUN SENSELESSNESS: It has been about a year since the bloody coup d'état in Cambodia, in which Second Prime Minister Hun Sen overthrew First Prime Minister Norodom Ranariddh and executed dozens of Ranariddh's political and military allies. That illegal seizure of power by Hun Sen was notable not only for its brazen violence but also for the half-heartedness with which leading Western governments, the Clinton administration included, confronted it. A new election has finally been arranged for July 26, but, given Hun Sen's firm grip on the police and military, and his record of overthrowing any election results he disagrees with, it's unclear how meaningful this exercise will be. This is not the view, however, of one Tony Kevin, author of a July 22 *Los Angeles Times* op-ed headlined "AN ELECTION IS A GOOD STEP, NO MATTER WHAT THE OUTCOME." Kevin is unhappy that Hun Sen has been "vilified in every way possible," even though both he and Ranariddh "are equally responsible" for last year's coup, which Kevin calls a "war." Kevin's argument for this Orwellian characterization? Hun Sen had no reason to launch a coup since he was, "in effect, in charge of Cambodia anyway." So Hun Sen is not to blame for overthrowing the legitimate government since he was already illegitimately usurping its authority. But, if Kevin is willing to admit this, why does he also dismiss critics of the July 26 election who argue that Hun Sen will try to usurp power whether he wins the vote or not? Offensive as it is, we would not have paid much attention to Kevin's apologia if not for one fact: During the 1997 coup, Tony Kevin was Australia's ambassador in Phnom Penh. As such, he represented a government that was supposed to be a key sponsor of Cambodia's transition to democracy, and which consulted frequently on Cambodian affairs with the Clinton administration. But, with friends like these, that transition hardly needed enemies. We expect that the Clinton administration will prove a tougher supporter of free elections this time, if, as seems all too likely, Hun Sen once again attempts to thwart the will of the people.

BACK OF THE BOOK OF VIRTUES: What qualifies an individual to review a novel? Our good friends and friendly rivals at *The Weekly Standard* apparently believe that it helps if the reviewer can identify with the tale's protagonist, owing to shared experience. And so, in the back pages of the *Standard's* July 27 issue, we are treated to the following assessment of Charles McCarry's *Lucky Bastard*, the story of Jack Adams—a thinly disguised stand-in for Bill Clinton: "Adams's zipless encounters—so frequently aided by Vaseline that the reader begins to wonder whether a product-placement fee was paid—reflect a use 'em and throw 'em away attitude that's more typical of Kennedy than Clinton. Jack Adams doesn't care if he is loved; all he wants is sex. It seems more likely that Clinton wants sex in order to feel loved." How can the reviewer be so sure? Why, he's none other than Dick Morris. Morris is certainly an expert on what makes Bill Clinton tick, having masterminded the president's victorious 1996 reelection campaign. Then, too, Morris is also something of an expert on sex; his career at the White House ended when he was caught spending his evenings with a call girl at a downtown Washington hotel. In any case, why is the *Standard*, a magazine so noisily devoted to family values, inviting this erstwhile toe-sucker to review racy novels in its virtuous pages? Perhaps because hating Bill Clinton is the greatest virtue of all.

THE HOBGOBLIN OF SMALL MINDS: Selections from some of Newt Gingrich's recent comments on Bimbroglio:

> I have no comment at all on that entire zone. And we'll cheerfully repeat that phrase as often as y'all want to ask the question.—February 11, 1998.
>
> I will never again, as long as I am speaker, make a speech without commenting on this topic.—April 27, 1998.
>
> I won't pay any attention to it.—July 20, 1998.

SUICIDE IS PAINLESS: America's HMOs aren't exactly basking in positive press coverage these days. Even their Republican allies have started publicly bashing them, albeit for political purposes of their own. (See "Mangling Care," by Jonathan Cohn, page 15.) So HMOs have to be happy with any good news they can get. We assume they must have been especially pleased when they saw the July 16 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*. In that issue, two physicians published their research on the question of whether, if euthanasia became legal, HMOs might encourage terminally ill patients to kill themselves, since their early death might save money. And guess what? They wouldn't! According to the study, "physician-assisted suicide is not likely to save substantial amounts of money ... either for particular institutions or for the nation as a whole." Still, for HMOs, this finding is cold comfort. The fact remains that someone found it necessary to investigate the question in the first place.

COUNTERSPINS:

Israelis and Palestinians Meet, but Agree Only to Meet Again

—*The New York Times*, July 20, 1998.

Tone upbeat as Mideast talks resume

—*The Boston Globe*, same day.

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ANSWER: To talk about *Drug Crazy* is to confront the failure of the Drug War.

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- John L. Kane, Jr., Senior U.S District Judge for Colorado, The Denver Post

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"Gray's point — and though he's not the first to make it, he has honed and hardened it enough to pierce the thickest skulls — is that the drug war isn't now and likely never was, an authentic conflict between enemies but a hysterical splitting of the whole, dividing blacks from whites, suburbanites from city dwellers, and, most cruelly and injuriously, doctors from the patients."

- Walter Kirn, NEW YORK Magazine

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- Mayor Kurt L. Schmoke, City of Baltimore

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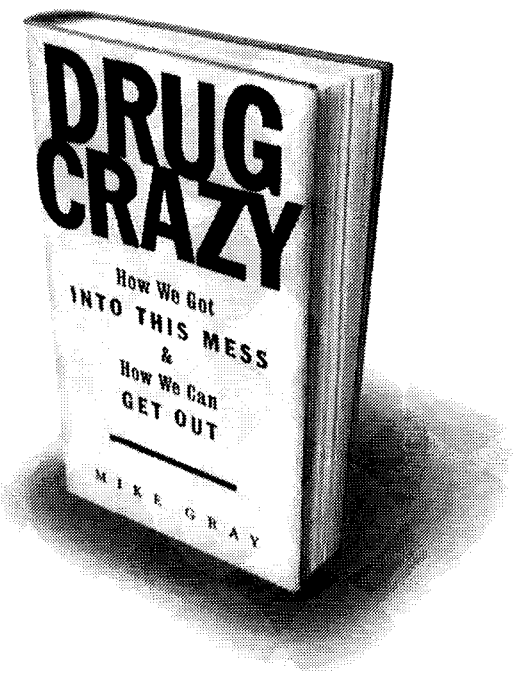
- Elliot Richardson,
Former United States Attorney General

"*Drug Crazy* dramatically and in stark detail exposes the truths of the futility of our Nation's self-destructive drug war over the past 80 years. This book is a must read."

- Samuel Dash, Professor of Law, Georgetown University
Former Chief Counsel, Senate Watergate Committee



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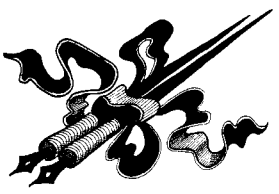
THE HARD QUESTIONS

BACK TO SCHOOLS

By Nathan Glazer

At a national education summit in 1989, President George Bush and the nation's governors vowed to make the nation's education system the equal of any in the world by 2000. We now have less than two years to reach that admittedly vague objective. Since the education summit declaration, various programs—public, private, and semi-public—have been tried. Governments, foundations, and individual donors have funded innovative ideas and studied and monitored the results. Yet the grandest hopes of the educational summit will not be realized—not by 2000, at any rate. And, as the studies come in, we are getting a much better idea of why it is so hard to change American public education—why even the best-funded and most stable public schools remain unambitious intellectually, and why those in the most impoverished environments continue to be disasters.



Throughout the reform effort, two very different visions have been competing with each other. One is the heir of traditional progressivism—although today its proponents usually prefer the terms "constructivism" or "teaching for understanding" (perhaps because "progressivism" has such a bad name these days). Its central idea is that education works best when it does not impose a curricular framework foreign to the child, teaches for deeper understanding rather than shallow coverage, engages the child as coworker and codiscoverer, and emphasizes projects and process rather than lectures and textbooks.

The most powerful advocate for this school of thought is Theodore Sizer, former dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education and author of influential books on the problems of the American high school. Sizer has made quite an impact on education policy already: he founded the Coalition of Essential Schools, which brings together schools that try to enact the vision he has set forth in *Horace's Compromise* and *Horace's School*, and he was one of the chief educational advisers to the $500 million Annenberg initiative, launched by Walter Annenberg five years ago, to improve American urban schools. Among Sizer's allies in this cause are the psychologists Seymour Sarason and Howard Gardner—both quite prolific and persuasive on their own.

The tenets of modern progressive education are attractive and self-evident—so much so that one wonders why there should be any argument about them at all. Yet a chorus of dissenters has emerged in recent years, led by E.D. Hirsch, an English professor at the University of Virginia, who brings to the table a more conservative view of schooling and the support of such figures as Chester Finn, the former assistant secretary of education. Hirsch has built a movement out of the apparently simple idea of his 1987 book *Cultural Literacy*—namely, that learning how to read, which all agree is the basis of effective education, does little good when one has no idea what one is reading about. To be effective in an established culture, Hirsch says, children must be broadly literate in it. Two years ago, he published a powerful and broad-scale critique of why progressivism fails, *The Schools We Need and Why We Don't Have Them.* Although he appears to have little influence among nationally prominent educators or education schools, his ideas have been incorporated into a series of texts and have found receptive audiences among parents and businessmen as well as some principals and teachers.

Hirsch tries to distinguish his approach from the political conservatism to which it is commonly linked. He has changed the name of the foundation promoting his ideas from the Cultural Literacy Foundation to the Core Knowledge Foundation because, as he writes, "teachers pointed out that the term 'cultural' raised too many extraneous questions." He has ingeniously discovered a quotation from Antonio Gramsci—just about the only Marxist who is still taken seriously now—to support him. Gramsci wrote in his *Prison Notebooks*: "The new concept of schooling is in its romantic phase, in which the replacement of 'mechanical' by 'natural' methods has become unhealthily exaggerated.... Previously pupils at least acquired a certain baggage of concrete facts. Now there will no longer be any baggage to put in order.... The most paradoxical aspect of it all is that this new type of school is advocated as being democratic, while in fact it is destined not merely to perpetuate social differences but crystallize them in Chinese complexities."

The Sizer side thinks that the problem of the schools is that Hirsch's vision is already well ensconced in the education establishment; Hirsch thinks the exact same thing about Sizer. Both arguments make a certain sense, and one is reminded of the old Jewish joke of the two men who come to a rabbi with a dispute. The first explains the problem, and the rabbi says, "You're right!" The second gives his side, and the rabbi says, "You're right!" The first protests, "Rabbi, we can't both be right," and the rabbi responds, perplexed, "You're right, too."

In fact, the new research suggests that the rabbi *was* right—in that Sizer's approach is right for some students and Hirsch's is right for others. For example, educational ethnographer Barbara Powell provides a telling account of a teaching episode that illustrates the pitfalls of the Sizer approach. A teacher tries to engage her students in a discussion of *The Diary of Anne Frank* by asking them, "What are you typically punished for?" This

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produces answers like "breaking the cookie jar"; later, she asks the children why they sometimes tease classmates who are different and whether that is right. No particularly weighty answers emerge. It's hardly clear that exchanges like these help students grasp the issues raised by Anne Frank's story. In another telling episode, from *Reform and Resistance in Schools and Classrooms* by Donna Muncey and Patrick J. McQuillan, a teacher asks, in a lesson on the fall of Rome, "What did the fall of Rome sound like? Try to describe it. And why did it feel that way?" There are undoubtedly better ways of helping students feel connected to great historical events. But the run-of-the-mill teacher, with the run-of-the-mill student, is not likely to find it. In such cases, Hirsch is right: It would be better simply to give a lecture on the facts.

The question of what's best for the classroom may simply be a matter of class—social class. In some schools, with some students, one can teach for understanding and depth. One assumes the students will get the broader coverage at home, or from books and magazines scattered around the home, or from trips to the library, or later. For others—frankly and regrettably—there are no such things. The project, even when successful, is at best one shaft of light in a sea of darkness, which may be embarrassingly exposed in the tests students must take.

I would say, let them both keep on trying. One thing that does emerge from the studies is that students do respond to Sizer-style innovation—they come to school more often and are more interested, even if there is no great impact on reading scores. But there is the ultimate reality of tests, which are inescapable and which will have a powerful influence in determining the fate of these two very different approaches to reform in the classroom. •

Trust Milosevic? No way.

THERE YUGO AGAIN

By Stephen Holmes

For all NATO's posturing as a "Determined Falcon," neither the United States nor the Europeans are about to employ military force to support the armed Albanian separatists who are trying to secede from what's left of Yugoslavia. Permitting the redrawing of territorial boundaries along ethnic lines could set a fatal precedent for other countries of the region, most immediately for Macedonia, whose own population includes a large and restive Albanian minority.

But international backing for the inviolability of borders, and therefore rejection of the norm of ethnic self-determination, can be effective only with local support. And where can this be found? Radicalized by recent massacres by Serbian forces, few Kosovo Albanians seriously contemplate winning back autonomy within rump Yugoslavia. So what local force can help the West keep Kosovo inside the federation? The discomfiting answer seems to be Slobodan Milosevic. Six hundred years after the mythic battle against the Ottomans at Kosovo Polje, the Serbian president of Yugoslavia *says* he wants to bind Kosovo within his internationally recognized borders. And, if he is being truthful, his designs dovetail perfectly with those of the West.

But is he being truthful? Consider the nature of Milosevic's Serb nationalism as revealed by his actions—not his words—over the past decade. Milosevic's ultimate goal is not ethnocracy but ethnic homogeneity. The domination of Serbs over non-Serbs is a temporary means to the end of ethnic purity or separation: all Serbs (and no one but Serbs) in one state. It follows that his deepest enemy was never the ethnic "other" (the Croat or Bosnian Muslim) but rather the multiethnic Yugoslav. His Greater Serbia could only be built on the ashes of the multiethnic house of the Yugoslavs.

Kosovo, with its overwhelmingly Albanian population, could never be made to fit these plans. One option was to try to "Serbify" the province's demography. But Milosevic never seriously pursued such a strategy, even though he had the chance. Between 1992 and 1995, over half a million Serbian refugees fled into Serbia from Croatia and Bosnia. Milosevic resettled almost none of them in Kosovo. Another option was to keep Kosovo relatively quiet, repressing the population without provoking a violent rebellion. This was the policy Milosevic had pursued until this spring. For nine years, a demilitarized and humiliated Albanian society was subdued by a militarized and larcenous Serbian state.

But now that strategy has run its course. The recent pillage and killing by his troops proves that. So what's left for Milosevic to do? Many argue that he intends to pursue the wholesale ethnic cleansing of the province—that is, the expulsion of the ethnic Albanian population into Macedonia and Albania proper. This would certainly be consistent with Milosevic's long-term aim of an ethnically pure Serbian state. But it is not really feasible. The scale of such an operation, involving two million people, is well beyond the capacity of his broken military machine.

Geographical amputation, though, would be feasible—both politically and militarily. Under what conditions could Milosevic lose Kosovo, or part of it, and nevertheless enhance his political power? The loss of part of Kosovo (carving out a healthy slice, including the most important mines, for Serbia) would be politically acceptable to Milosevic's home constituency if it contributed to the creation of Greater Serbia, a promise that he has, thus far, spectacularly failed to keep. And, how-

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ever psychologically painful, casting much of Kosovo out of the federation would at least conform to the principle of "all Serbs (and no one but Serbs) in one state."

This is the best reason, then, to assume that Milosevic does not really intend to preserve Kosovo entirely within his realm, as the West prefers. He can contemplate amputation precisely because his interests do not, in fact, coincide with the interests of the West. Indeed, unlike the rest of the world, Milosevic is not afraid that the Kosovo conflict will radiate across adjacent borders. On the contrary, his political prospects may be faint indeed unless he succeeds in destabilizing the Balkans.

Milosevic stands to benefit if Kosovo is partitioned in violence with the involvement of cross-border military units incorporating Albanians from both Macedonia and Albania. In the chaos, a serious movement for a Greater Albania, which had little support until very recently, would be unstoppably launched. Indeed, the Kosovo Liberation Army is already becoming a political rallying point not only for Albanians inside Kosovo but also for Albanians who live nearby. Milosevic does not fear the devastation and ruin this will entail. In fact, an armed insurgency devoted to the creation of a Greater Albania has already begun to normalize his own ambitions for a Greater Serbia and may help him reel in the independent-minded leaderships of Montenegro and the Republika Srpska in Bosnia. In the medium term, it could even expedite the integration of Milosevic, who would then be seen as the leader of a status quo power, back into the international community.

If this analysis has any merit, then hinging Western policy on Milosevic's alleged commitment to the inviolability of Serbia's current borders is a huge blunder. There are two alternatives, both fraught with difficulties. The first is to invest seriously in preserving the territorial integrity of Serbia against any covert Serbian plan for the amputation of Kosovo. The goal would be to reintegrate the Kosovo Albanians, despite their own secessionist longings, into Serbian political life and to restore their pre-1989 autonomy. Unfortunately, Milosevic has destroyed all local support for such a strategy, even among Kosovo Albanian moderates, which means it may now be unworkable and would in any case require deeper Western involvement than it would have a year ago.

The second option is for the Western powers to abandon preemptively the principle of the inviolability of borders and to attempt directly to manage the inevitable partition, making sure that it occurs peacefully, and especially avoiding the involvement of cross-border paramilitary units from Macedonia and Albania. At the same time, NATO troops would have to make sure that Milosevic's special forces cannot exploit their military superiority to seize large chunks of the province and displace hundreds of thousands from the northeast to the southwest. Needless to say, this would be an extremely perilous mission for NATO because any border change, however carefully "managed," might easily spiral out of control. The West would have to commit itself to a long-term presence on the ground.

Neither option for genuinely "stopping Milosevic," in other words, looks likely to win Western support. Lacking an unclouded picture of his intentions, the West has failed, thus far, to design and implement a coherent policy to oppose him. Worse yet, by accepting at face value his rhetorical commitment to the sanctity of borders, we are playing unwittingly into his blood-stained hands.

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More Social Security bunk.

UFO STORIES

By Lawrence R. Jacobs and Robert Y. Shapiro

"There are polls that say that young people in their twenties think it's more likely that they will see UFOs than that they will ever collect Social Security." This pronouncement came from President Clinton in an address at the University of Illinois this year. But you could have heard virtually the same thing from Newt Gingrich ("More people below the age of thirty believe in UFOs than believe in their Social Security pensions") or Richard Gephardt ("Many young people now think there is a better chance they'll see a UFO than a Social Security check") or John Kasich ("More kids believe in UFOs than the Social Security check"). For that matter, you could have read it in *Newsweek*, *The Economist*, or *U.S. News & World Report*—or heard it on ABC's "20/20," CNN's "Capital Gang," or NBC's "Nightly News."

But, upon closer inspection, the true state of public opinion on Social Security turns out to be more complicated than this popular sound bite suggests—a lot more complicated. Confidence in the system isn't high, but it's not nearly as low as Social Security critics say it is. What's more, the support for the privatization schemes these critics have proposed is shallow and tentative. It has as much to do with leading (or misleading) poll questions as it does with the merits of the actual plan.

Consider, first, that infamous UFO statistic. The finding comes from a 1994 poll of 18- to 34-year-olds commissioned by Third Millennium, a youth-oriented organization bankrolled in part by conservative foundations and such longtime Social Security critics as Pete Peterson. To hear privatization advocates tell it, young people were asked to compare their faith in Social Security with their belief in UFOs. But this is not how

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Frank Luntz and Mark Siegel, the Republican and Democratic pollsters hired to take the survey, asked the question. Quite the contrary, the pollsters posed a series of questions. The Social Security question was fifth on the list. The UFO question was fourteenth—the last substantive item.

It might seem like a minor detail. But, when other pollsters asked respondents to compare the two possibilities directly, the results changed dramatically. In a survey by the Employee Benefits Research Institute, Americans 33 and younger chose Social Security, 63 percent to 33 percent. The margin for Americans of all ages was even wider—71 percent to 26 percent. Another poll confirms this finding: The majority of Americans, young and old, put more stock in Social Security than in little men from Mars.

Why the disparity? One likely explanation is that people generally approach survey questions with different "metrics." When pollsters ask about UFOs, respondents typically approach the question as a mere thought experiment. On Social Security, however, people think in concrete, real-life terms: they remember recent news reports, think about relatives who receive checks, and recall their payroll taxes. By asking respondents to compare the two possibilities directly, as the Employment Benefits Research Institute did, you force them to apply the same standard of uncertainty—and produce a more telling result.

Sorting through other polls produces similarly murky conclusions. It's true that confidence in Social Security is low. But it's also true that confidence has been low for some time. From 1975 to 1982, confidence in the program's future dropped from 65 to 32 percent; recently, it has actually crept up to around 40 percent. Granted, such low confidence—old or new—is not a good thing. But the fact that trust began to fall in the '70s suggests the real cause is the public's general loss of faith in government after Watergate and Vietnam, not any focused critique of Social Security. Indeed, the historic 1983 reforms of Social Security produced no change in confidence in 1984 or 1985.

With the stock market at record levels, tying Social Security to the Dow appeals to many Americans. Thus, it's not surprising that, when pollsters ask respondents whether they're in favor of creating private retirement accounts for investment in the stock market, the answer is an overwhelming "yes." In polls Bill McInturf conducted for the Cato Institute, for example, two-thirds of the respondents supported this form of privatization.

But, when pollsters mention the fact that the potential gains of stock market investing come with greater risks, opinions of privatization change dramatically. In January of last year, NBC/*Wall Street Journal* polls found that, when Americans were asked to weigh the "risk of losing money" against the "potential of higher returns," 57 percent thought the risks were more important. Surveys by CBS/*New York Times*, *Time*/CNN, and *The Washington Post* produced similar findings. Another fact that privatization advocates tend to leave out of their polls is that a shift to a fully private system would entail substantial transition costs to meet the needs of current retirees. When informed of that by pollsters for NBC/*Wall Street Journal*, 61 percent of respondents said they thought the costs of privatization outweighed the benefits.

One could, of course, argue that privatizing Social Security is a sound idea on its own merits—because it would boost the national savings rate or forestall insolvency later. (We don't happen to think either claim is true, but that's not the point of this article.) It's also possible that, once people consider all the risks and drawbacks, they might decide to support privatization anyway. But we'll never know unless the public gets a chance to examine the issue carefully and draw its own conclusions. And that won't happen until Social Security critics stop talking about flying saucers.

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The czar's unfinished funeral.

BEYOND THE GRAVE

By Michael Ignatieff

We must finally tell the truth, Boris Yeltsin said at the burial service for Czar Nicholas II's remains in St. Petersburg last week. What truth exactly? The truth about the butchery in the basement in Yekaterinburg is not exactly a secret. The Romanov family was led down into the basement of the Ipatiev house sometime after two o'clock in the morning on July 17, 1918. A firing squad opened fire in a small confined space; bullets bounced off the jewelry sewn into the undergarments of the czar's daughters, some of whom had to be finished off with bayonets; the bodies were stripped, broken up, burned, and cast into a mineshaft on the outskirts of town. There they remained until exhumation in 1991.

The painful truth lies elsewhere in the fact that the order for the Romanovs' execution came directly from Moscow, from the current inhabitant of the mausoleum in Red Square. To millions of Russians who still venerate the mummy in that tomb, Yekaterinburg was not murder but regicide.

Yet even regicides can preserve certain decencies. Charles I's execution in 1649 and Louis XVI's in 1793

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came after public trials. What a Marxist would call "bourgeois legalism" was central to their legitimacy. The Russian regicide was different: an extrajudicial murder that became the founding crime of a regime perpetuated by extrajudicial murder. After the family in the Yekaterinburg basement came Ukrainian peasants, Kazakh tribesmen, Crimean Tatars, and some of the greatest poets and writers in the Russian language.

The deferred burial of one royal family thus became a ceremony of atonement for 80 years of mass murder. In the prayers said at the inhumation ceremony at the chapel of the Peter and Paul Fortress, the priests said prayers for all the innocent victims of the Bolshevik Revolution: "You, Lord, know their names." In the Orthodox funeral service, the final hymn is called the "Viechnaya Pamyat" and is sung by mourners and choir alike. It commits the dead to the Eternal Memory of God. In the Russian holocaust, the dead are so numerous only God could count them.

In his speech at the graveside, a frail president did his best to use the symbolic powers of his office to atone and repent. "By burying the remains of the innocent victims," he said, "we want to expiate the sins of our ancestors." These sins, of course, include his own. Everyone in Russia would have known that he was once party boss of Sverdlovsk, as Yekaterinburg was called in the Soviet period. During the Brezhnev years, people began making pilgrimages to the Ipatiev house in Yekaterinburg where the murder was committed. Flowers were left entwined in the white picket fence. Believers lit candles. Makeshift shrines began to appear. In life, Nicholas II had been a hopeless ruler. In death, he became a symbol of the heartless brutality of the regime that replaced him. For this reason, no shrines, however humble, were permissible. The ambitious party boss of Sverdlovsk passed the word up to Moscow. The word came back: Bring in the bulldozers. In 1977, the scene of the crime was leveled. It was an act, Yeltsin later confessed in his memoirs, of which he felt ashamed.

Yeltsin may be a buffoon, a drunk, and a bully, but he is not a moral coward; and he is not lacking in historical awareness. In his speech, he struggled to make the political milieu from which he himself came—the Communist Party—face up to its moral and political legacy. "It is impossible to lie to ourselves by justifying senseless cruelty on political grounds.... Any attempt to change life through violence is condemned to failure," he said.

Beyond atonement, beyond moral chastisement of his political opponents, a faltering president was also seeking to cast upon his own shoulders the bloodied cloak of czarist legitimacy. Throughout his presidency, he has tried to present himself as the heir of the Russian state tradition. At both of his inaugurations, the czarist anthem—Glinka's "Life for the Czar"—was sung by a mass choir. He took the oath of office before a gigantic replica of the imperial double-eagle. These symbolic touches reveal something more than personal grandiosity or a taste for Ruritanian kitsch. They reflect Yeltsin's keen awareness of a symbolic dilemma: how to give power legitimacy in the wake of a regime that disgraced the very idea of state power.

But it is a sign of the symbolic void left by the collapse of the Stalinist state that the only images of authority left available for use are those left behind by a discredited, antiquated, and hopelessly outdated monarchy. Not even the Romanovs in exile believe a restoration of monarchy in Russia is possible. Yet authentic symbols of democratic legitimacy are simply unavailable. There are only the rusty, blood-stained symbols of office left behind by a murdered czar.

The reburial of the czar lays bare the catastrophic impoverishment, both symbolic and real, of the contemporary Russian state and its political system. The ceremony was meant to make peace between the victims of terror and its beneficiaries, who include Yeltsin. The ceremony ought to have been a ritual of reconciliation allowing the post-Communist state that Yeltsin leads to claim legitimacy as the true heir of the Russian national tradition.

But it could not possibly deliver this amount of symbolic healing. There is no truth and reconciliation in Russia. The people who killed the czar and his family died unpunished. The man who gave the order remains buried with honor in Lenin's tomb. The torturers and murderers of the Soviet gulag got medals. There was no Nuremberg trial after Stalin's death. Yes, the bones of the czar are back where they belong. But, across Russia, there are still too many unpunished crimes, too many unburied bones for a funeral now to lay them to rest.

The deepest and most obdurate obstacle to the rule of law and democratic stability in Russia is not the Mafia or the rapacious, lawless, capitalist elite. It is the positive nostalgia of Russians for the Stalinist state. What chance is there for republican traditions to take root in a society whose image of authority is tyranny in its purest modern form? In the West, Holocaust denial is a marginal, if loathsome phenomenon. In Russia, it is a way of life for millions of people; it is the active political creed of recognized political parties.

In seeking to lay claim to the Romanov legacy, Yeltsin underscored the weaknesses he shares with them. In more respects than one, Yeltsin's situation resembles that of Nicholas II after the revolution of 1905. Both presided over states that were vast in extent but catastrophically bereft of legitimacy, of the capacity to both induce and compel obedience. Both were launched on the uncharted seas of a democratic transition; both were buffeted by forces they had themselves set in motion. In both cases, they presided over nations in search of democracy and the rule of law, without any traditions to sustain the development of either. In both cases, time was running out. Nicholas had twelve years. We must hope that this czar may have more time than that.

MICHAEL IGNATIEFF is the author of a forthcoming biography of Isaiah Berlin.

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ON THE HILL

MANGLING CARE

By Jonathan Cohn

It was a steamy 90 degrees in the District last Thursday, but it felt even hotter than that in Washington Circle, where about 150 people gathered under a canvas tent to hear the House Republicans unveil their plan for protecting patients from greedy HMOs. Somebody had ordered up fans, but several stood idle while others were inexplicably pointed outward, directly into clear plastic drapes—in effect, sucking fresh air *away* from the crowd. As the speeches began, barely audible over whirring generators and passing street traffic, a reporter next to me scribbled in a notepad: "In an effort to make everyone else suffer as much as they have for the last four months, the House GOP. . . ."

Of course, the Republicans likely had more practical considerations in mind. Hours earlier, doctors and nurses had helped fill a Senate conference room where President Clinton and congressional Democrats were talking up their own, substantially more aggressive, patient protection proposal. And, the day before, Clinton had presided over another made-for-television event: a roundtable in which physicians related dramatic stories of HMOs that denied treatment for the sake of bigger profits.

For credibility's sake, the Republicans figured they needed some doctors, too. But the physician lobbies were behind the Democrats. So Gingrich and company came up with the idea of holding their rally in front of the George Washington University Hospital's Ronald Reagan Institute of Emergency Medicine, which sits just 50 yards across the street from Washington Circle. And, while the Republicans couldn't find any physicians to endorse their plan per se, they did invite G.W. staff doctors to attend. About a dozen or so turned out in their white lab coats—perfect for ten-second spots on the evening news.

If the whole ploy sounds a bit desperate, well, that's because House Republicans have become a bit desperate when it comes to managed care reform—thanks in part to one of their own, Congressman Charles Norwood of Georgia. Last year, Norwood introduced the Patient Access to Responsible Care Act (PARCA), which would have allowed patients to sue for damages against HMOs that improperly deny treatment. (Under current law, patients can generally recover only the cost of denied treatments.) At first, nobody took the idea seriously. But Norwood, a dentist by training, signed up more than 200 cosponsors, including 90 fellow Republicans, prompting Democratic Congressman John Dingell and Senator Edward Kennedy to introduce their own bill. Clinton, who only months earlier had shied away from such sweeping proposals, quickly signed on. Soon even Republican pollsters were predicting that failure to enact new HMO regulations would cost the GOP dearly in the fall elections. Privately, White House aides conceded that they'd be even happier if the Republicans balked, giving the Democrats a potent campaign issue.

The Republican leadership was determined not to fall into that trap, but it had to tread carefully. The insurance lobby sees managed care regulation as a threat to its very existence, and business lobbies fear it could drive up insurance premiums. In March, the Business-Industry Political Action Committee sent the GOP this blistering memo: "[H]ere are PARCA advocates talking about emergency room visits, access to health care providers, and—liberals' favorite word—fairness. What has happened to our common language?"

In early July, a compromise seemed likely: Norwood would get an independent appeals system for patients denied treatment, but no lawsuit reform, while the hard-line conservatives would get medical savings accounts and some other long-sought goodies. But, on the night before the Washington Circle rally, as a House working group was trying to finalize the legislative language, Representative Bill Thomas—the group's most conservative member—bailed out. Too much regulation, he said.

Which was quite a complaint, given the relatively weak document the working group finally produced. Consider the much-ballyhooed appeals process: If an HMO denies you treatment, under the House GOP plan, you can have another doctor within the plan consider your case—within three days, if the situation is life-threatening. If that internal reviewer doesn't agree with you, you can have a doctor outside the plan make an independent recommendation. This is supposedly the GOP plan's chief advantage over the Democratic alternatives. Said Congressman J. Dennis Hasssert, chairman of the working group: "The Patient Protection Act is the only bill that truly relies on getting patients treated first in hospital rooms, rather than courtrooms."

But that statement, which Republicans have begun invoking with hypnotic repetition, left out a few minor details. For starters, the Kennedy-Dingell bill has a nearly identical appeals mechanism—except that, under the Kennedy-Dingell plan, appeals to an outside doctor are free. (Under the GOP plan, an insurance company can charge the patient up to $100 per review, which is likely to deter many lower-income claimants.) More importantly, in the Kennedy-Dingell bill, external appeals are binding. In the GOP bill, the only penalty for an insurance company that ignores an appeal

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decision is a relatively modest fine—$250 per day, up to $100,000—and that's only if the patient gets a court to impose it. So, quite literally, it is the Republicans who would have patients sitting in courtrooms, suffering, while an insurance company refused to pay for treatments.

The GOP bill falls short in other ways, too. It lacks key elements of Kennedy-Dingell, like coverage of clinical trials in cases of such life-threatening diseases as AIDS or cancer. And it has some dubious propositions like a provision to create "association health plans." This initiative would allow small businesses to band together and reap the economic benefits that large employers now enjoy. It's a good idea in theory, but the Republicans would exempt association health plans from state health care quality standards—a status afforded to some larger plans. So, in effect, the Republicans would be expanding the class of insurers who are exempt from the very kind of patient protections the GOP bill is supposed to promote.

To be sure, just as Kennedy-Dingell isn't ideal (enforcement will be difficult and the trial lawyers will feast, among other things), the GOP measure isn't worthless. A modest appeals mechanism is better than none at all; the bill's guarantee of emergency room coverage is sound. But this isn't the final Republican bill. The House leadership may end up watering it down further in order to satisfy its doubting Thomases. Then there's the Senate GOP plan, which has some reasonable protections but applies them to only a fraction of the population. In short, the final legislative product will likely be weaker than either version now on the table.

All of which may disappoint the millions of Americans legitimately aggrieved with their insurance companies—including Jacqueline Lee, the lone "average person" to speak at the Thursday rally. Her HMO horror story: After she suffered a fractured skull and pelvis in a hiking accident, she got stuck with a $10,000 emergency room and hospital bill; her HMO, it seems, hadn't given prior approval for treatment. The state insurance commissioner bullied the carrier into paying, but Lee knows she was a lucky exception. Under current federal law, state officials are often powerless to take such action.

A poignant tale. But why doesn't she support the more aggressive Democratic approach? Well, she does. "Hey," she told me, "I just want some federal legislation passed." She seems sincere. Too bad the Republican House leadership doesn't. •

The perils of patenting genes.

MIGHTY MICE

By Arthur Allen

Building a better mousetrap is all well and good, but for the postmodern biologist the goal is to build a better mouse. One of the most coveted biological research tools at the moment is a brilliantly designed rodent with the ungainly name of cre-loxP. At a designated time in this mouse's life, it can be manipulated genetically to secrete an enzyme that inactivates a particular gene affecting a particular organ—the brain, say, or the eye. If the experiment goes as planned, this tinkering may cause cancer or blindness or some other death foretold. (These mice should be so lucky as to have their tails cut off with carving knives.) The cre-loxP mouse is a powerful genetic model for studying the complex workings of genes in the human body, and the scientists who developed it, in the tradition of scientists everywhere, would like to share the mouse with their colleagues.

But, sadly, that isn't always possible, as Jamey Marth, a geneticist at the University of California at San Diego, has discovered. For the past several years, Marth and other researchers have been perfecting the mouse, and its popularity for research into gene function has exploded. Over the past year alone, hundreds of researchers have approached Marth, anxious to get their hands on the furry offspring of this mighty mouse.

Regretfully, though, Marth often has to turn fellow scientists away—because of a licensing problem. Though he is based at UCSD, Marth's employer is the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, which has been licensed by E.I. du Pont de Nemours to use the mouse on the condition that DuPont gets control of discoveries made with it. Some other institutions have yet to reach terms with DuPont, which filed a patent early in the rodent's development. Thus, as Marth explains it, "I can only provide [the mouse] to those who've signed the

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license. The ironic thing is that the U.C. system hasn't signed. So I can't even share the mouse with my neighbors in the lab." If he does, DuPont might bring the full weight of its lawyers down upon his institution.

It is Marth's misfortune to have been caught up in one of the many patenting and licensing disputes, some large, some petty, that currently roil the world of biomedicine. The mouse's tale is the story in miniature of the commercialization of biology and the dilemmas it increasingly poses for research scientists.

One characteristic of a gold rush, as University of Washington geneticist Maynard Olson likes to point out, is that the lack of a solid infrastructure tends to encourage quick and dirty methods to get rich. In the case of the biotech industry, the missing infrastructure is the basic science that remains to be done to understand human genetics. Thus the gold rush that has swept biotech and pharmaceutical companies, university administrators, and scientists into a speculative frenzy has many of them attempting to patent and license each kibble and bit of scientific discovery they make. It's not only chemical reagents, cell lines, and tools like the cre-loxP mouse that are subject to restrictive licensing agreements, but sometimes even poorly understood snippets of human DNA. Down the road, some of these bits may contribute to larger discoveries that could be worth billions of dollars. The trouble is no one is sure which will pay off, because the underlying biology retains its mysteries.

Patenting life has been a controversial business since the 1970s, when scientists started modifying bacteria by inserting bits of extraneous genes. It's an even more commonplace business now that scientists are fiddling with human genes. Social activist Jeremy Rifkin, and his allies in the clergy and on the left, have long claimed that genetic engineering is dangerous, exploitative, and just plain icky. "Greed drives this technology, greed that denies the sanctity of human life," Rifkin has said. "If we are not careful, we will find ourselves in a world where the disabled, minorities, and workers will be genetically engineered." But his dire prophecies have so far failed. There have been no famines or epidemics caused by the spread of DNA bits from transgenic flora and fauna, nor have any distant tribes come to grief after surrendering DNA samples to Indiana Jones types with hypodermic needles. And, while it may seem inherently wicked, in the Rifkinian context, to take out a patent on the breast cancer gene, it would be impractical to do otherwise if one planned to make use of the science behind its discovery. New biomedical products—such as diagnostic tests for breast cancer—reach the public through the market, and the only way to securely develop such a test is to control the patent on the sequence of genes for which it tests.

But that doesn't mean we can set aside worries over genetic profiteering. It simply means that the worries are of a more practical nature. What is of most concern to scientists—and to the rest of us, not least because we're paying for the NIH grants that support many biomedical discoveries—is that the rush to patent can waste time and energy, block promising research, or lead to scientific dead ends. Take the breast cancer gene. The dignity of women is unaffected by the fact that Myriad Genetics, a small Utah biotech firm, now holds a patent related to the gene known as BRCA1. On the other hand, if Myriad began making breast cancer researchers meet onerous licensing requirements to use Myriad's diagnostic test for the gene, research that benefits women could be deterred.

Biotech, academic researchers, the government, and the pharmaceutical industry have a troubled and dynamic relationship. The first patent for a piece of living matter was filed in 1972: a General Electric scientist had invented a strain of oil-spill-eating bacteria. After much anguished debate, the Supreme Court approved the patent, accepting the argument that, even if G.E. hadn't invented the bacteria, its modification met the basic patent requirements of utility, novelty, and nonobviousness. In 1991, the gene-patenting debate hit a new plateau, when the NIH decided to file patent applications for 2,700 so-called expressed sequence tags—fragments of genes that a government scientist named Craig Venter had isolated using computers and robots. Nobel laureate James Watson, who claimed that Venter's technique "could be run by monkeys," resigned as chief of the NIH genome project partly to protest the patenting decision. Venter also quit in a protest of sorts; he wanted more funding. Venter joined a venture-capital-sponsored partnership with William Haseltine, a Harvard AIDS researcher-turned-biotech-entrepreneur.

Funded in part by SmithKline Beecham, Venter and Haseltine proceeded to sequence thousands of genes over the next three years, filing patents on hundreds of thousands of sequence tags. This angered many researchers as well as the NIH leadership, which had, in the meantime, come around to the view that the patents would slow research by erecting barriers to the use of the fragments in more elevated genetic science. Haseltine and Venter offered academics access to the fragments, but only in exchange for royalties on drugs derived from them. Venter split with Haseltine last year, and, in April, the ebulliently entrepreneurial scientist announced a new venture with lab equipment giant Perkin-Elmer. The press releases from the new partners announced that they planned to sequence in three years the entire human genome—a project that hundreds of scientists working around the world since 1990 expect will take them until 2005.

The Venter announcement was enough to produce a short-lived congressional inquiry into the funding of the $200-million-per-year genome project. If Venter could do it with private capital, some congressmen asked, why should the government even be involved? In the scientific community, however, skepticism was tangible. Researchers were wary of a private venture Hoovering up claims on the building blocks of humanity. Although Venter and Perkin-Elmer promised the

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sequence data would be quickly released, "one thing the research community has learned is that biotech companies do what's good for business every day of the week," says Charles Langley, a theoretical biologist at the University of California at Davis. "Sometimes they say they're going to share everything, but then you find out their idea of sharing isn't so helpful." There was also skepticism about the quality of the data—a very real worry in the midst of the gold rush. "Experience has tended to show that large amounts of low-quality sequence data are a poor substitute for smaller amounts of high-quality data," Maynard Olson told a House science subcommittee in June.

Olson believes the Venter project typifies the kind of corner-cutting approaches that threaten the integrity of genetic science. Too many investigators are now oriented toward "opportunistic targets" rather than more enlightening science, Olson says. And he points to a number of troubling trends in the field. Companies producing diagnostic tests for various diseases routinely try to compel geneticists working with them to enter into nondisclosure agreements, he says. Leading biotech supply companies, like Perkin-Elmer, increasingly seek control over the inventions their technology helps uncover. One example is Affymetrix Inc., a Santa Clara, California, company that makes microchips capable of detecting thousands of DNA mutations at a time. Rather than solely selling its chips, Affymetrix has signed a series of agreements with labs and other firms that essentially give it "reach-through rights"—royalties and partial control of the diagnostic tools and other products that its chips make possible.

"Reach-through rights are the Holy Grail. Everybody in biotech wants them," says Peter Feinstein, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, biotech consultant. "When we sit down with our clients, the discussion is, 'How do we get the guys who use our stuff to give us the end product?' You're talking about products that could make a billion dollars. If you get two percent of that, it's a lot of money." Biotech companies are driven to seek reach-through rights, rather than simply charging fees for the use of their research tools, because for the most part they aren't selling much product, and Wall Street is skeptical. "The way they raise money is: Do an experiment; publicize the data; the value of their stock goes up. Then they have the money to finance another experiment," says Feinstein. The future riches promised by reach-through licenses are part of the hype, and hope, that biotech tries to generate. The trouble is they can also strangle research by others. Universities are frequently unwilling to allow their scientists to get materials from biotech companies or other universities if, in doing so, they must sign away control over the final product of their research.

One response by researchers affiliated with the Human Genome Project has been to use some of the 15-year project's $3 billion budget to expand the body of data that is expressly in the public domain. A good example is a new project—assembled quickly to make sure that commercially funded work doesn't steal its thunder—to assemble a database reflecting the range of genetic diversity among humans. While the bulk of the Human Genome Project has been directed at sequencing and mapping the DNA of what is theoretically a single model individual (actually, the samples being used in the project come from about 20 people, mostly Frenchmen and Utahns), the aim of the new $30 million project is to locate some of the millions of common variations in human DNA, which are known as single nucleotide polymorphisms, or SNPs (pronounced "snips"). The new database, which is expected to be at least partly done by 2000, will eventually help anthropologists trace human origins and migrations. It may also enable researchers to detail the genetic elements of complex conditions such as schizophrenia and stroke. For the NIH, the key thing was to get the project going, and fast. Various private ventures have joined the hunt for SNPs—among them a consortium including Abbott Laboratories of Chicago and a French lab.

The idea that SNPs vital to research might get tangled in a snarl of patent litigation helped spur the NIH to put the project on the fast track. "The NIH is using its moral authority," says Aravinda Chakravarti, a Case Western Reserve geneticist involved in the project. "If it didn't, there would be very few SNPs out there—the big companies have far more resources than a single academic researcher like me." Industry may have the resources to collect SNPs, but it's unlikely to use them for the basic science that university researchers do. "We're not very good at doing things in large scale, but we can think," says Chakravarti.

Research scientists are also taking steps to clear the thicket of intellectual property claims. Angered by DuPont's hard line on the cre-loxP mouse, NIH director Harold Varmus last year asked a commission to look into ways the NIH could resolve property disputes slowing biomedical research. A report in June by University of Michigan law professor Rebecca Eisenberg said that universities seeking access to research tools for their scientists often faced onerous licensing agreements—not infrequently from other universities—that forced them to either "mortgage their speculative future intellectual property so the research may go forward" or "tell their scientists to forgo use of certain research tools entirely." It urged the NIH to take a stronger position in promoting fair licensing agreements.

In the case of the cre-loxP mouse, DuPont officials say that discussions with the NIH's Varmus led to compromises that are gradually enabling use of the mouse. "We clarified that we are not trying to get one hundred percent of the profits [from drugs developed using the mouse] for the next twenty years," says Randy Guschl, director of corporate technology transfer at DuPont. He says DuPont wants "reasonable or appropriate" compensation for its technological input. Still, some damage may already have been done. "I know of colleagues doing research into breast cancer, neurological disease, leukemias and lymphomas, pediatric syndromes," says Marth. Because they can't get the mouse, "they've all been either slowed or, in some cases, halted." •

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Why biracial politics failed in Baltimore.

UP IN SCHMOKE

By Jason Zengerle

It's the last weekend in May, and Baltimore's elite has escaped the sweltering city. Attorneys are relaxing on the beach in Ocean City. Bankers are playing golf at lush country clubs in the northern suburbs. And then there's Kurt Schmoke—not only a member of the city's elite, but its mayor—who can't seem to break free from either Baltimore or the job that's keeping him there.

Schmoke is spending his Saturday afternoon at Dunbar High School, a drab fortress of a building in blighted East Baltimore, where he has come to hear from the neighborhood's beleaguered residents. Standing in the school's dingy library—with out-of-date magazines lining its shelves and out-of-synch aphorisms ("THE PRICE OF JUSTICE IS ETERNAL PUBLICITY") hanging from its walls—Schmoke listens as a neighborhood minister, the Reverend Milton Williams, asks for divine intervention. "Lord, give your continued blessing to the mayor," Williams intones, "and the staff he depends on to keep Baltimore functioning."

Indeed, it's a prayerful request because, for Baltimore, functioning is about the most you can ask. Like so many other "smoke stack" cities decimated by the shift away from an industrial economy, Baltimore is plagued with violent crime, faltering schools, and high unemployment. But the people who have come to Dunbar want to voice more mundane concerns. And, as they approach the mayor's lectern to unburden themselves, it becomes clear that, in Baltimore, even the mundane can be horrific.

One resident frets about a boarded-up house on her street that's emitting a strange smell and attracting flies. ("We don't know what's in there," she worriedly tells Schmoke.) Another reports about the sickening odor of sewage that has polluted his block. Yet another complains about giant rats living in a hollow tree next to her house.

Schmoke nods his head and grimaces as each one tells him that his or her situation is intolerable, and he looks genuinely touched when they thank him for coming to listen. Then he dispatches each complainant to one of the aides he has brought with him, until all of his aides are talking with residents, and the din threatens to drown out the mayor's voice.

It's a scene that few would have imagined eleven years ago, when Schmoke, at the age of 37, became the first black elected mayor of Baltimore. Back then, both the city and Schmoke were on the rise. Baltimore had just rebuilt its downtown, having transformed rows of abandoned buildings into a tourist mecca called the Inner Harbor. And Schmoke, who had promised to focus on housing and education in order to spread prosperity to the city's forgotten and impoverished neighborhoods, was a politician with seemingly unlimited potential. He had a dazzling intellect, a sparkling resume, and, most importantly, the rare ability to appeal to both black and white voters.

That made Schmoke's election much more than just a Baltimore story. For years, racial polarizers had run America's major cities. White mayors like Frank Rizzo in Philadelphia stoked whites' fears of blacks; then, as urban demographics began to shift, it was black politicians like Marion Barry in Washington, D.C., who played on blacks' resentment of whites. But, with his explicitly biracial appeal, Schmoke appeared to spell the end—or at least the beginning of the end—of this era. With Schmoke's victory, it seemed, the great liberal dream for urban politics had become a reality.

National Journal christened Schmoke the symbol of a "new generation of black mayors"—"politically pragmatic" leaders, more "coalition builders than confrontationists," who heralded the revival of America's cities. In fact, it was presumed that, by 1998, Baltimore would be rid of its urban ills and Schmoke would have moved on to the Maryland governor's office in Annapolis or to the U.S. Senate in Washington. And, in making these strides, it was hoped, Schmoke would be setting an example for urban leaders across the country.

But things haven't worked out that way. The promise of the Inner Harbor has never reached far beyond the city's still-bustling downtown, and the promise of truly biracial politics has never materialized in what is a 60-percent-black town. Nearly three years into his third four-year term as mayor, the grandest statewide role Schmoke appears capable of playing is that of spoiler. In April he endorsed a little-known county executive, Eileen Rehrmann, in her primary challenge against the incumbent Democratic governor, Parris Glendening. Schmoke's move infuriated state party leaders, who contend that

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Glendening has been good to Baltimore in his four years as governor. But Schmoke claims Glendening cannot win reelection. Moreover, he appears to hold a personal grudge against the governor. Schmoke maintains that Glendening reneged on a commitment to legalize slot machines in Maryland—a commitment Glendening has denied making. Speaking to reporters after announcing his endorsement of Rehrmann, Schmoke plaintively said that, had it not been for the slots disagreement, "we probably wouldn't be here today."

But, even though Schmoke's move brought him a fair amount of negative attention, at least it was attention. The heady talk of a decade ago, when people credulously speculated that Schmoke might be the country's first black vice president, is a distant memory. Today, many in Maryland's white Democratic establishment have written off Schmoke as just another big-city black mayor who survives through racial politics rather than management skills. "The Democratic Leadership Council recently put out a list of the half-dozen or so black mayors who have biracial appeal and who are making government work better," says Sandy Rosenberg, a state delegate from Baltimore, who supported Schmoke in his three mayoral runs. "And Kurt wasn't mentioned.... And it's not without reason that he wasn't mentioned."

For Schmoke, who has spent much of his career reaffirming the faith whites have placed in him, this is a deeply painful outcome. And, as faith in Schmoke has evaporated, so too has faith in the biracial coalition politics whose arrival he once heralded. "Kurt was such a demigod back then, and the expectation levels for him were so high that maybe there's no way he could have ever met them," laments one prominent white Baltimorean. "But, the point is, he hasn't met them." Then again, maybe the point is, who could?

Kurt Schmoke was only 14 the first time he was introduced as the first black mayor of Baltimore. Back then he was a standout football player at City College High School, Baltimore's elite public school. At the urging of several white classmates, he had joined a predominantly Jewish boys' club called the Lancers. A relic of the 1950s, the group sought to inculcate the schoolyard virtues—leadership, integrity, service—in young men. And it was at one of the Lancers' Friday night meetings that Schmoke, one of the first blacks to join the group, came to the attention of Robert Hammerman, a Baltimore City Circuit Court judge who served as the Lancers' adviser.

Hammerman, a lifelong bachelor who has no children, took an active interest in Schmoke, whose own mother and father—a civilian chemist with the Army and a clerk for the Social Security administration, respectively—had recently divorced. Soon, the two were seeing each other not only at the Friday meetings but on Saturdays as well, when Hammerman would treat Schmoke to lunches at the sumptuous Johns Hopkins Club. Over those meals, which could last as long as five hours, Hammerman told Schmoke he had big plans for him. "Right off the bat, I could sense Kurt's intelligence, his warm personality, his natural leadership ability," recalls Hammerman, who retired from the bench in July as the longest-serving jurist in Maryland. "And I told him he was made for a lot more than football. He was meant for leadership. I told him not to consider going to a football factory college. I told him to consider the Ivy League.... Right at the age of fourteen, I wanted to put it in his mind that he should be thinking in that direction."

It wasn't long before Hammerman was introducing Schmoke to Baltimore's political elite. "I wanted him to get exposure to prominent political and legal leaders, both black and white," says Hammerman. "I've always maintained that, from the time Kurt was fourteen, you could be the grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, and if you met Kurt Schmoke you'd support him for president of the United States. He had that natural, magnetic appeal. You get to know him, you meet him, and you fall in love with him."

Hammerman was certainly on to something. During his junior year, Schmoke was elected president of his class, and, in his senior year, he was the first black ever elected student body president of the predominantly white City College High School, winning by the largest majority in the school's history. Schmoke was also the all-conference quarterback of the school's undefeated football team—and the nation's top colleges lined up to recruit him. "Kurt was probably the hottest thing that had come out of Baltimore in years," recalls Lewis Noonberg, a former Lancer several years older than Schmoke, who tried to recruit him to his alma mater, Dartmouth. "Public school, black, bright, good athlete, handsome: He had it all." Eventually, Schmoke listened to Calvin Hill, a black football star at Yale who shared Schmoke's Baltimore roots; in the fall of 1967, he went to New Haven.

Schmoke's four years at Yale coincided with one of the most tumultuous periods in the school's history. New Haven was buffeted by antiwar and civil rights protests—spurred by an influx of black students who, for the first time in the school's history, were admitted in large numbers. But Schmoke remained relatively aloof. Although he joined the Black Student Alliance at Yale and occasionally sported a dashiki, Schmoke was considered something of a loner by the other, more militant black students.

Schmoke concentrated on his history studies, played football and lacrosse—and infiltrated the school's mainstream. He won a prized seat on Yale's faculty-student planning committee on coeducation, and he was elected to the office of class secretary. From those positions, Schmoke worked toward progressive ends. Most notably, he convinced the school to establish a day care center, which it named after Calvin Hill, for the children of black New Haven mothers who made up the bulk of Yale's custodial staff.

But it wasn't until his junior year that Schmoke truly distinguished himself and once again rewarded the faith that had been placed in him. In the spring of

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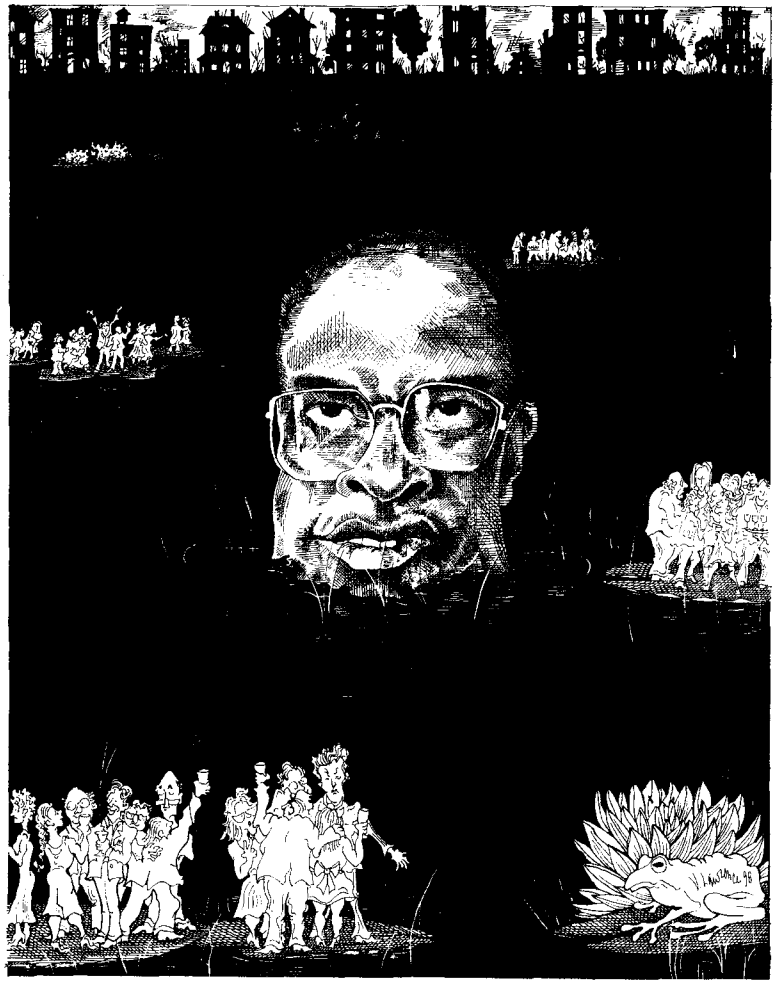
1970, Bobby Seale and eight other Black Panthers went on trial in New Haven for the torture and murder of another Black Panther they suspected of being a police informer. The trial became a focal point for all sorts of grievances, and it wasn't long before black militants and white radicals were descending upon New Haven. Students went on strike; by May Day weekend, Yale was braced for an invasion of 50,000 protesters.

Several days before the scheduled protests, the faculty met to plan a response. They were inclined to meet the May Day demonstrations with stiff resistance, but, with 1,000 striking students massed outside, they agreed to admit one to press the students' case. Schmoke was that student.

Most faculty members expected a harangue about racial injustice and white oppression, but Schmoke appealed to them in different terms. "Many of the students in the group [that had gathered outside the meeting] are committed to a cause," Schmoke said, "but there are a great number of students on campus who are confused and many who are frightened. They don't know what to think. You are our teachers. You are the people we respect. We look to you for guidance and moral leadership. On behalf of my fellow students, I beg you to give it to us."



KURT SCHMOKE BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

John Hersey, in his book *Letter to the Alumni*, credited Schmoke with appeasing the faculty conservatives urging a crackdown, thereby defusing a potentially explosive situation. The May Day demonstrations unfolded in a relatively peaceful fashion without any serious incidents. A week after New Haven's May Day, four students were killed in similar demonstrations at Kent State.

Schmoke's performance earned him Yale's eternal gratitude. (Today he sits on the board of the Yale Corporation.) And in Schmoke's senior year the school heartily supported him for a Rhodes Scholarship. After two years at Oxford, he entered Harvard Law School. Then it was back to Baltimore to join silk-stocking Piper & Marbury as one of its first black associates. A Lancers connection in the Carter administration briefly lured Schmoke from Baltimore to the White House's domestic policy staff, but Schmoke soon returned to his hometown, where he began work as an assistant U.S. attorney—and set his sights on elected office.

In 1982, Schmoke ran for Baltimore's top prosecutor job. Facing a conservative white incumbent who played on whites' fears of black crime, Schmoke lined up support among white liberals and blacks. Schmoke used his connections from Piper & Marbury and the Lancers to court the city's white establishment; his campaign manager, Larry Gibson, a brash black law professor who is still his political guru, drummed up support in the black community.

The strategy worked. Schmoke secured endorsements from Baltimore's three major newspapers, the state attorney general, and a former U.S. attorney general, not to mention generous campaign contributions from rich whites—prompting his opponent's campaign chief to deride Schmoke as the favorite of Baltimore's "candy-assed limousine liberal[s]." More importantly, Schmoke drew unprecedented support from Baltimore's new black majority, boosting black turnout by 20 points and sweeping the city's black precincts.

As the city's prosecutor, Schmoke impressed both blacks and whites with his even-handed approach to racially charged cases such as the shooting of a black motorcyclist by a white off-duty policeman. In 1987, Schmoke won the mayoralty, once again drawing on endorsements and money from Baltimore's white establishment and votes from its new black majority. Schmoke's ascension to the job he had been groomed for since he was a teenager prompted celebration across the city. Baltimore's white establishment, mindful of the city's changing demographics, congratulated itself for engineering an orderly transition of power to a black mayor it could trust. And Baltimore's black citizens rejoiced in their new political power.

But the incompatible interests of both groups

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inevitably began to take their toll on Schmoke, and the honeymoon didn't last long. For 14 of the 15 years prior to Schmoke's victory, Baltimore had been led by William Donald Schaefer—a beloved cheerleader of a mayor who in 1986 had ascended to the governor's office. While Schaefer had fueled Baltimore's downtown renaissance, relentlessly promoting the city's Inner Harbor to lure conventions and tourists, he had failed to maintain the city's tax base. Some 150,000 people, most of them white and middle class, left the city during Schaefer's time in office; in Schaefer's last six years as mayor, the city suffered a net loss of 7,700 jobs.

When Schmoke took over, he christened Baltimore "The City that Reads," plastering the slogan on bus shelters and city vehicles. "The ingenuity, courage, and money that built the waterfront," Schmoke was fond of saying, "can now build the home front." But Baltimore's business community had grown accustomed to receiving the mayor's undivided attention. Moreover, Schmoke set his sights on the home front right about the time that crack was flooding Baltimore and federal aid to cities was drying up. It wasn't long before the grumbling started.

Schmoke's meritocratic credentials created the expectation that he would be an excellent manager. "[H]e seems a younger black version of Michael Dukakis," gushed a *Newsweek* profile of the new mayor, back when people still believed in Massachusetts miracles and Dukakis embodied the managerial ideal. But this mischaracterized Schmoke. He was not so much a manager as he was a thinker. In his time as mayor, Schmoke has come up with all sorts of innovative—and politically courageous—public policy ideas. But, most often, the execution of these ideas has been wanting. In 1988, for example, Schmoke drew national attention—and scorn—for advocating treatment instead of prosecution for drug addicts. But it took him ten years to institute a "treatment on demand" policy for Baltimore's estimated 50,000 addicts. In 1992, Schmoke took the bold step of privatizing nine underperforming public schools. But then he turned the job over to a relatively unproven education company, which raised the city's cost-per-student while, for two of three years, lowering those students' already dismal test scores. Schmoke terminated the company's contract two years before it was due to expire.

As the city's problems mounted—partly because of circumstances beyond the mayor's control, partly because of managerial ineptitude—Schmoke became desperate for solutions. "He's trying as hard as he can to address some of the very difficult issues that are in the neighborhoods," says Bart Harvey, the director of a Baltimore nonprofit that provides affordable housing to low-income people. "And the voters in those neighborhoods appreciate that." But that appreciation hasn't always been shared by everyone in the city. Some were embarrassed when Schmoke invited the Agency for International Development to explain how best to apply some of its Third World programs—like immunization and breast-feeding—to Baltimore. In 1993, Schmoke contracted the Nation of Islam Security Agency to patrol Baltimore's crime-infested public housing projects. Even though the force did root out crime in some projects, the symbolism of embracing Louis Farrakhan's minions cost Schmoke dearly. Jewish leaders—including individuals who had known and supported Schmoke since his Lancers days—could not abide the mayor's decision. In 1987, one Baltimore Jewish politician had said, Schmoke was "every Jewish mother's dream." Now Jewish protesters heckled and picketed him when he appeared in public.

Schmoke ran for his third term in 1995 against City Council President Mary Pat Clarke, a facile white populist in the Schaefer mold. Schmoke used red, black, and green for his campaign colors and "Makes Us Proud" for his campaign slogan. The city's white establishment reared back in horror. "You didn't have to be a Rhodes Scholar to see he was making a racial appeal," says one white Baltimore politician in a typically biting remark. The *Sun* endorsed Clarke, calling Schmoke "a sad disappointment." But Schmoke's racial ploy worked, and he trounced Clarke by 20 points. Even though Clarke outpolled Schmoke nine-to-one in many white sections of the city, Schmoke outpolled her nine-to-one in most of the black neighborhoods. As Elijah Cummings, a black Baltimore politician who now serves in the U.S. House of Representatives, told *The Washington Post*: Black voters saw Schmoke "as a home-grown man.... They saw him as their son.... We just did not want to be a New York and lose David Dinkins."

Whites, however, treated Schmoke's victory as a great betrayal. They felt he had abandoned his biracial coalition, and, mindful of his statewide ambitions, they penned his political obituary. "He played the race card, and it capped his political potential," says one prominent white Democrat. "That sort of thing gives politics a bad name. It doesn't just go away.... I think it will be hard to run for the U.S. Senate and win after that. How's he going to put together the votes?"

But, if Schmoke abandoned the biracialism that so endeared him to whites, it's also true that the biracial coalition whites marveled at was, in many ways, a figment of their collective imagination. Schmoke has never polled more than 40 percent of the white vote in a contested primary, and in most of his races he has always polled somewhere in the 20s among whites. When national publications were hailing Schmoke as the great biracial hope in 1987, they overlooked the fact that he had lost the three city council districts that were predominantly white. While the white support Schmoke did receive was certainly prominent, coming as it did from editorial boards and civic leaders, it was never very deep. In Baltimore's vote-rich, white ethnic enclaves, Schmoke never had a prayer.

Meanwhile, as he governed, Schmoke frequently had to defy the black community's wishes: he appointed a

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white police commissioner over the objections of black ministers; he allowed high school health clinics to distribute the contraceptive drug Norplant despite protests that he was committing genocide against blacks; and he turned over partial control of the city school system, Baltimore's largest government operation, to a white governor in exchange for $254 million in state aid, prompting some in the black community to label the man from Yale, Oxford, and Harvard a "sellout."

Sitting in a baronial conference room in City Hall, Schmoke takes intermittent sips from a paper cup of cranberry juice and tries to explain his 1995 campaign. "It involved consolidating my base vote in the city," he says, drumming his fingers on the table to emphasize the point. "And my base vote has historically been the African American community.... If I were running in Denver or Seattle, where my friend Wellington Webb was an African American mayor and Norm Rice was an African American mayor—very different type of community. Very different type of election. They won in cities where the African American population is a distinct minority, and yet they won with different types of appeals. That's not the history of elections in Baltimore.... I think that some in the law firms and some of these businesses ... either didn't pay attention to the nature of city politics or they chose to ignore it."

For a man who was supposed to represent a colorblind ideal, Schmoke is now remarkably haunted by questions of race. Several weeks before we met, he became embroiled in a controversy over plans by the Department of Housing and Urban Development's inspector general to launch a fraud crackdown at the behest of a congressional subcommittee. The investigation's initial targets were housing authorities in New Orleans, San Francisco, and Baltimore—three cities that have both black Democratic mayors and black housing commissioners. When the selections were announced, there were cries of racism, but Schmoke initially refused to join in.

It was only after a meeting with HUD's inspector general—during which Schmoke says the inspector general could not answer his questions about what criteria had been used to select the three cities—that Schmoke concluded that the investigation smacked of politics and race. (HUD's inspector general, Susan Gaffney, has declined to comment on the specifics of the investigation but has defended her personal conduct, saying she is "dismayed and outraged someone would call me racist for looking for fraud.") While Schmoke's detractors jumped to accuse him of playing the race card, it's not entirely implausible that race was a factor in these decisions. After all, the inspector general has been unable to produce any criteria, and the investigation has now been postponed, pending the development of new criteria to determine the cities to be targeted. Still, for some, the affair is just further proof that Schmoke is not the man they thought him to be. "I can't seem to disabuse some people of the notion that I'm like Huey Newton or someone," Schmoke quips.

But behind the joke is a certain resignation, as if Schmoke knows that, despite his talk about a possible run for the U.S. Senate, he will never rise above his current office. As the promise of biracial politics has dried up, so too has the promise of Schmoke's political career. "One of the things that I saw a long time ago was that a lot of people defined politicians by the rung of the ladder that they missed, rather than the rung of the ladder they achieved," he muses. "A person whose career I respect a great deal is Thomas Dewey's. I mean some of the things he did in New York as governor ... were very progressive for the time and really helped bring New York State into the modern era. But, for most people who think of Tom Dewey, he is the guy who lost the election to Harry Truman."

It's now mid-June, about two weeks after the woebegone meeting at Dunbar, and Schmoke finds himself in far different environs. He's standing under a tent, pitched on a barren patch of land just east of the Inner Harbor, preparing to break ground on the city's first new hotel in a decade. About 300 people have gathered to celebrate the event. The majority of those in attendance are hospitality-industry executives—mostly white men in sporty sunglasses and flashy suits with the occasional cell phone pressed to an ear.

To lure developers to the downtown site, Schmoke promised about $25 million in tax breaks. And, with so many other parts of the city seemingly in more need of public money than Baltimore's downtown, Schmoke's promise has provoked derision from some quarters. Moreover, given Schmoke's recent battle over legalized slot machines with Governor Glendening, some fear that Schmoke intends for this hotel to become Baltimore's first casino.

Indeed, it appears that Schmoke has come full circle. Eleven years after promising to shift the city's priorities from the Inner Harbor to the neighborhoods, Schmoke has fallen back on the shopworn development strategy of tourism and conventions. Sitting on an AstroTurf dais, he listens as the hotel's backers sing the project's praises. "It will mean millions of dollars in tax revenue and thousands of new jobs," exclaims one. "Baltimore will fulfill its destiny as a great convention destination," predicts another. "People will be able to walk from the Inner Harbor to Fells Point and be entertained the whole way," sputters one more.

Then Schmoke steps to the microphone. The mayor proclaims the hotel "thrilling" and "visionary." "This is the right hotel in the right place," he practically shouts. "This is world class." Schmoke moves his arms and pounds the lectern and lays out what is now his vision of Baltimore's future—a vision of gleaming hotels and abundant tourists and satisfied conventioneers. "Let me tell you," Schmoke says, as a broad smile spreads across his face. "I am a happy guy today." And you wish you could believe him. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

A Felon, A Fellini

An attractive young widow and her six-year-old son are traveling on a crowded train. It's the Soviet Union, 1952, and she is hoping to find a job somewhere. A good-looking army captain enters the compartment, impresses her, and relatively soon, while the boy sleeps, gets her into a corner of the train where they make love.

Subsequently, all three leave the train together at whatever town it happens to be and find a room. In the course of time she learns that the captain's uniform is a masquerade, that he is really a thief. After he gathers up a sackful of pilfered saleable goods, they move to another town where the game is repeated. And on to other towns.

She protests his thievery, but she is so besotted with him that, though they quarrel, he always wins. At last she breaks free, but with sad consequences. Then there's an epilogue eight or nine years later, when the boy is an adolescent. (Throughout the film his mature voice is on the soundtrack, recalling, unifying the story elements.) Accidentally he meets the spurious captain and settles accounts for his mother's sake.

The film is **The Thief** (Stratosphere), and its story as sketched above makes a pleasant romantic drama. But that romantic drama is as much a disguise as the captain's uniform. Basically, the film is a political allegory. On the captain's chest is tattooed the face of Stalin, and at various gatherings he proposes a toast to Stalin. He symbolizes Stalin himself, a thief who has seduced the boy's mother, Mother Russia. The boy himself is the new generation that rids its country of Stalin.

After the death of Stalin in 1953, and the passing of Stalinoid leaders in other countries, Eastern Europe sent us films about the evils of the old Communism while the new Communism was still in place. (E.g., *Love* and *Angi Vera* from Hungary.) It's interesting that, with the new order now also passé, an anti-Stalin film is made in suggestive rather than direct form. All to the good, however. Pavel Chukhrai, who wrote and directed, makes the slyness of the film's method underlie the deviousness of the thief himself.

Chukhrai is helped immensely by the three leading performances. The six-year-old, Misha Philipchuk, is one more of those marvelous puzzles: a child giving a complex performance. Obviously he had a good director, but that obvious fact doesn't explain how he, like other marvelous children, understood what the director was saying. Ekaterina Rednikova, as the widow, has vulnerability and strength and a soft bloom of sex. Vladimir Mashkov, the captain-thief, is a real find. Magnetic without being depressingly handsome, flexed and agile in his acting, with a voice that reinforces his appeal, Mashkov could have a considerable career. He made me think of the young Jean Gabin.

Along the way, Chukhrai evokes a sense of national restlessness in postwar Russia, and he etches numerous small portraits. European films, not least Russian ones, have always been bounteous with small character sketches; directors have made the most of intriguing types to be found in odd places, along with a large complement of capable actors willing to take minor roles. Chukhrai makes the most of his good luck in both regards.

Nights of Cabiria, made in 1956 by Federico Fellini, has just been rereleased (by Rialto) in a new, fully restored print. It's fascinating. Part of the fascination is in seeing how much of it is intrinsic, untarnished gold; and, as with most earlier works of masters, part of it now is in seeing the hints of the Fellini to come.

Cabiria is a Roman prostitute in the early 1950s. (A fact I've never seen noted: Cabiria is not her real name, just one that she adopted for trade reasons. *Cabiria* was the title of a 1914 Italian film epic, a popular costume drama about a slave-girl of that name.) Fellini's film was made during the flood of postwar Italian neorealism, but it is not a naturalistic study à la Pasolini (though Pasolini did some uncredited work on the screenplay). We know very soon what Cabiria's profession is, and we see her on her favorite street along with other hookers, chatting and squabbling; but we never see her dealing sexually with anyone.

Nor have Fellini and his credited collaborators, Ennio Flaiano and Tullio Pinelli, written a cumulative drama. The film consists of five episodes, like passages in a morality play, in which Cabiria goes from humiliation through several kinds of exaltation back to humiliation again, with a different result. After the first episode she is infuriated; after the last she is, in a certain sense, purged.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Land Girls. *Britain in wartime. A generally comfy romance about uncomfortable years, but these three city girls as farm volunteers are winning. (Reviewed 7/13/98)* **Out of Sight.** *An attractive bank robber breaks from jail. The FBI agent on his trail is an attractive woman. Cynical, witty, sexy crime comedy-drama. (8/3/98)* **Passion in the Desert.** *Strangely credible, exquisitely made. Balzac's tale of a Napoleonic soldier's encounter in the desert with a female leopard. (7/6/98)* **The Truman Show.** *From birth, a man's entire life is on TV through secret cameras. Satire—not about him or TV but about us, who empower TV with our addiction. (6/29/98)* **—SK**

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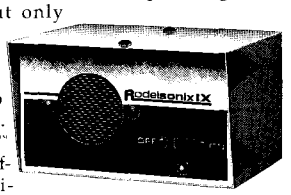

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Thus this account of a prostitute's life is essentially a passion in the spiritual mode, with much along the way—a visit to a shrine, an encounter with a nutty friar, another with a true Christian bringing gifts to the homeless—to counterpoint the theme.

Retrospectively, we can now see evidence of the stylistic Fellini to come. The very first sequence is of people moving and the camera moving with them, as clear a hallmark of Fellini as any. That sequence is mostly in long shot. The place is what was then the fairly empty outskirts of Rome. A young man and woman burst out of a scrubby field where presumably they have been making love—Cabiria and a boyfriend. They run and tease along like any two lovers, laughing and kissing. They reach the banks of the Tiber, with the city across the way. Suddenly the young man grabs her pocketbook and pushes her into the river. The tenor and the surprise of the sequence, plus its integral motion, signal the quality of Fellini's vision—in cinema and in subject.

Here, and all through his career, Fellini makes the most of the fact that he lives in a country where his religion provides him with cinematic décor. The procession of nuns here is like religious processions in others of his films. Another of his passions, the music-hall, seen earlier in *Variety Lights* and later, more elegantly, in *8½*, is the setting for one whole episode.

It's generally thought—rightly, I'd say—that Fellini's career is schizoid, the first part neorealist, the second baroque, as his concentration moved from needy people to wealthy ones. But seeing *Cabiria* again suggests that, within the somber neorealist, there was a satirical maker of splendid swirl waiting to burst out.

My one big trouble with this film was and still is Giulietta Masina as Cabiria. She is petite and perky, but her acting is a series of poses and assumptions—what actors call "indicating." Now I'm being winsome, she seems to say; now I'm being plucky. She adopts these attitudes like illustrations in a nineteenth-century textbook of acting. If she were a candid, truthful actress, then the last scene, in which a betrayed and penniless Cabiria is walking back to Rome amidst a group of singing youngsters, would be transfixing. As is, all we can see is what it might have been.

Masina's mechanics are hardly a small flaw; still, Fellini's genius is sufficient (though he certainly didn't think of it that way) to compensate for them and to sweep us along. •

The feminism of the mothers, the feminism of the daughters, the feminism of the girls.

The Road From Seneca Falls

By Christine Stansell

I.

One hundred and fifty years ago this summer, in the little country town of Seneca Falls in upstate New York, several dozen excited women and a few interested men held the first meeting in the world devoted solely to women's rights. It was 1848, the "springtime of the peoples" in Europe; and, although these Americans were far removed from the emancipatory proclamations in Europe, they caught the fever and produced one of their own, the Declaration of Sentiments: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men and women are created equal." Compared to the apocalypticism of *The Communist Manifesto*, another product of that year, the Seneca Falls Declaration seems modest, a relic of right-thinking republicanism rather than a portent of wrenching revolutionary transformation. Yet its effects were destined to be no less profound, and far more benign.

The gathering in 1848 emerged from a long, fitfully articulated history of women's grievances, though the participants were not aware of it. The interruption of historical memory and, in its absence, the strains of improvising a politics of grievance on the spot, have always characterized this tradition. The written record of female protest extends back to the late middle ages, to the French woman of letters Christine de Pizan and her *Book of the City of Ladies*. It was in the late eighteenth century, however, that the language of the rights of man gained momentum around the northern Atlantic world, shifting the idea of justice for women out of the register of utopia to make it, for a few highly politicized women in the age of revolution, a plausible goal in the here and now.

Thus, in 1776, Abigail Adams admonished her patriot husband, away in Philadelphia at the Continental Congress, to "remember the ladies" in their declarations, a nudge tempered by coyness but at heart quite serious. Later, in Paris, groups of women in the early days of the Revolution protested, unsuccessfully, their exclusion from representation and the franchise. And the excitement of the revolutionary debate in France stirred the young English writer Mary Wollstonecraft, who was trying to earn her own living outside a man's household. In 1792 she produced, in a few red-hot months, her sensational *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, the first full-scale argument for women's equality.

The Americans of the middle of the nineteenth century knew little or nothing about these earlier claims and events,

The Selected Papers of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony Volume One: In the School of Anti-Slavery, 1840-1866
edited by Ann D. Gordon
(Rutgers University Press, 640 pp., $60)

Harriot Stanton Blatch and the Winning of Woman Suffrage
by Ellen Carol DuBois
(Yale University Press, 353 pp., $35)

Woman Suffrage and the Origins of Liberal Feminism in the United States, 1820-1920
by Suzanne M. Marilley
(Harvard University Press, 281 pp., $39.95)

Other Powers: The Age of Suffrage, Spiritualism, and the Scandalous Victoria Woodhull
by Barbara Goldsmith
(Knopf, 531 pp., $30)

Christine Stansell is Professor of History at Princeton University. Her new book, *American Moderns*, will be published next spring.

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which were erased by the *revanche* against the French Revolution. The intertwined devils of Jacobinism and sexual irregularity tainted the reputation of Wollstonecraft, who died in 1797 giving birth to a child out of wedlock. (The baby grew up to be Mary Shelley.) The *Vindication* passed out of print, and with it any knowledge that a woman had spent concentrated intellectual labor in reflection upon the oddity of her sex's inability to profit from the universal rights of man.

The absence of an accessible tradition makes the Americans' resourcefulness all the more remarkable. In the 1830s, a few firebrands of gender subversion wandered around the English-speaking world, representatives of the utopian socialist fringe where revolutionary women's rights still flickered: Fanny Wright, for example, a labor radical and an early advocate of contraception. Yet such sensations operated at a remove from the respectable ladies who called the meeting at Seneca Falls. For them, there was no living memory of advocacy for women's rights.

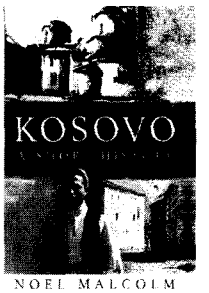
In the 1830s, as the struggle to end slavery accelerated, women in the inner circles of abolitionism began to stretch the metaphor of enslavement to encompass their own situations. The energy of extrapolation, rather than the confidence of tradition, galvanized their thinking. The analogy of woman and slave was by turns histrionic, sentimental, and brilliantly revealing, given all the actual ways in which men had the ability to coerce and to constrain wives and daughters, and given the legal fact that wives and daughters were, to some degree, the property of their husbands and fathers. "Thine in the bonds of womanhood," the Southern ex-slaveholding renegade Sarah Grimké signed each of her *Letters on the Equality of the Sexes* (1838), a paraphrase of the "bonds of slavery" designed to detonate regular provocations throughout the text.

The controversy over women's proper role was one of several differences that split the abolitionist movement in the 1830s. The nub of the issue was a woman's right to follow the dictates of her conscience into public protest. The conversion of Sarah Grimké and her sister Angelina, daughters of a leading South Carolina family, to the cause immediately made them prized speakers on the antislavery circuit. Yet the prohibitions against women exposing themselves to audiences including men were so strong that leading New England clergymen threatened to withdraw their support from the movement unless the Grimkés retired. In free black circles, too, women became dedicated antislavery activists: Maria Stewart's public lectures aroused concerted opposition from African American men, as Suzanne Marilley discovers in her interesting book.

The radicals led by William Lloyd Garrison—the "immediatists" who pressed for an unconditional end to slavery—backed the Grimkés. The moderates in antislavery politics—"gradualists" who believed in courting mainstream opinion—lined up with the clergy to send the women back home. The ruckus spread through the ranks, carried by the fevered gossip of protest politics as well as by Sarah Grimké's published *Letters*, a truculent rejoinder to the ministers. The result can be glimpsed in a letter from 1841, reprinted early on in Ann D. Gordon's captivating first volume of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's and Susan B. Anthony's papers. Elizabeth Cady Stanton came of age in upstate New York, a hotbed of all sorts of reform, where the debate over woman's nature was a muted clamor in the background. Newly married to Henry Stanton, an antislavery pragmatist who had broken with Garrison, Stanton refused to abjure her own loyalties to the women's rights wing of abolition. In language echoing Sarah Grimké's, the young wife declared herself preeminently an "independent morally responsible being," answerable not to her husband but to a higher authority. "I do in truth think & act for myself deeming that I alone am responsible for the sayings & doings of E.C.S."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was twenty-four when this volume of the *Selected Papers* begins. She was the daughter of a distinguished and well-heeled family: her mother was from the great New York land-holding Livingston clan, her father made his name in politics and the law. She benefited from the best education available to girls in antebellum America, which meant access to a good library (her father's) and a stint at Emma Willard's boarding school for girls, which was the first attempt to provide a serious curriculum beyond the ladies' academies' regime of French and music.

No college and no career awaited a student upon leaving Willard's, and so, in the early 1840s, the newlywed settled into provincial domesticity. Voracious for life and ideas, Mr. Stanton's wife must have been a handful. On the honeymoon trip that she and Henry took in 1840 to the World Anti-Slavery Convention in London, he found her capacity for fearless conversation irritating. Henry admonished her, she dutifully wrote a cousin, for her lack of discretion; she was too gay, she talked too much, she professed her views on slavery before people who knew much more than she did.



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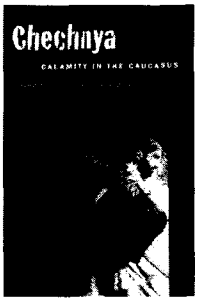

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Yet Lucretia Mott, an older Quaker abolitionist of great distinction, found her enchanting, an "open generous confiding spirit." The two immediately forged a bond. In London, the British forbade the women to participate in the convention and cordoned them off in a balcony behind a curtain, setting off a bitter floor fight that the Garrison faction lost. Stanton and Mott sat in seclusion with the others for three days and fumed. They vowed to hold a meeting on women's rights when they returned to the States. But the plan lay fallow for years: Philadelphia was a long way from upstate New York, and Stanton was preoccupied with having babies—there would be seven over the course of nineteen years, the last in 1859—and managing a large household.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, c. 1848

Throughout the 1840s, there was scant letter-writing. Stanton seems to have bided her time at the edge of history, waiting to jump. Like other abolitionists, she had an acute sense of historical calling that translated, psychologically, into a belief that it was only a matter of time before her own hunger for change became general. She seldom fell prey to the dissenter's depleting fear that her grievances were superfluous. She was sociable, and blessed with an optimistic outlook. She was also given to cheerful indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh: guiltless overeating (by the 1850s she was plump, and heading toward obesity) and perhaps guiltless sex (the marriage was chilly, but the seven babies make one wonder). "They say I am good natured, generous, & always well & happy," she matter-of-factly informed a friend. She popped out most of her babies with aplomb: a twelve-pound Margaret was born after Stanton lay down for fifteen minutes. As a mother, she was confident and warm, "particularly intelligent and loving," Ellen DuBois tells us in her biography of Stanton's second daughter, Harriot.

When Mott visited relatives nearby in the summer of 1848, Stanton mobilized immediately. She may or may not have read Mary Wollstonecraft, but in any case she knew exactly the place in history that she wished to stake out: "the first woman's rights convention that has ever assembled," she stressed to a neighbor. Her circle of friends, crack political organizers by virtue of their years in what Suzanne Marilley nicely terms the "free space" of Garrisonian antislavery work, threw together the meeting in three days. They worried that the attendance would be small: it was high summer—busy on the farms, hot and slow in town. Yet a substantial crowd gathered, about two-thirds women and one-third men.

The Declaration of Sentiments produced at Seneca Falls went far beyond Wollstonecraft's *Vindication* in its list of injustices. In lofty abolitionist-inspired rhetoric, the signers pointed out that women were legally the subjects of their husbands and fathers; that wives could not hold property in their own names; that divorce was an economic and social disaster for women; that they could not go to college or become doctors, lawyers, or clergy; that no decently paid work was open to them; and so forth. The culprit was "man": "He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for [woman] a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and her God."

The perpetrator's identity remained vague, a generic despot; but the pressure of the Declaration's specific grievances was to make actual male people responsible. This conception of the effects of male power over women came from the images of subjugation in Grimké's *Letters*—"take your feet off our backs," Grimké urged her male readers, "and let us stand upright on the ground God designed us to occupy"—and produced a detailed view of the resulting social debilities. In retrospect, it marked a turning point.

For Wollstonecraft had little use for her sex as it was presently constituted: the *Vindication* tended to blame either women's supposedly thwarted characters or the lack of reasonable education for the handicaps that they suffered. The Declaration of Sentiments, by contrast, was a firm defense of women as they were, poised to exercise their God-given capacities were it not for men. In its implicit ideas about the workings of power, you catch a faint echo of the clarion call of 1848: "The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her."

The remedies for which the signatories called were vague, tending toward a call for moral enlightenment for both men and women; but there was one point that was precise and political. This was the demand for women's suffrage, and it was Stanton's special contribution. The idea was startling. Women in revolutionary France had raised the issue, but nobody in England or America had ever broached it. Some of the organizers balked at the proposal; but Frederick Douglass, who attended the meeting, threw his considerable moral weight behind Stanton, and the resolution prevailed. It was the harbinger of a program that would eventually hold out to its participants, first in the United States, then in Britain, and then throughout

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, c. 1850

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the world, the epochal promise of equalizing, and even obliterating, the social effects of sexual difference.

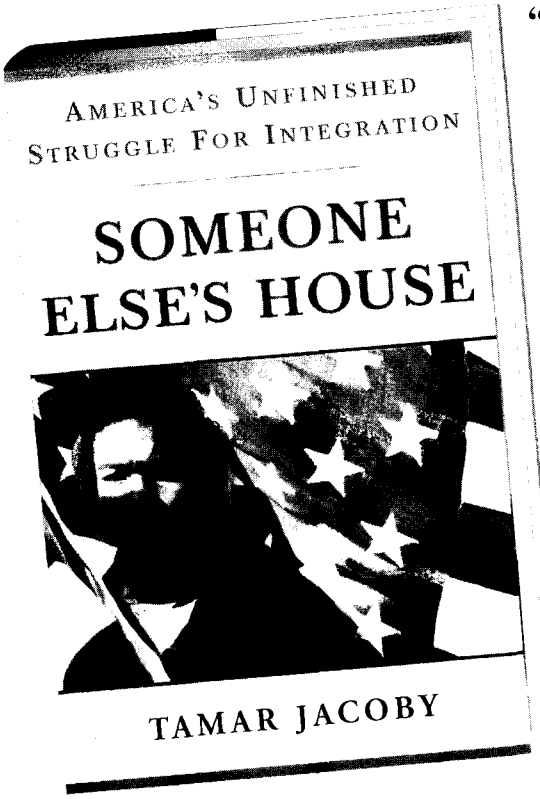
Susan B. Anthony was not at Seneca Falls, though she lived nearby. Slightly younger than Stanton, Anthony was a schoolteacher in 1848, working to support herself and to help out with the failing fortunes of her debt-ridden family. Raised as a Quaker and sent, in the family's prosperous years, to a good Quaker boarding school for girls, Anthony was also up-to-date on abolition and reform, but her need to earn a living kept her from active involvement.

In the contrasting textures of Anthony's and Stanton's letters in *Selected Papers*, more vivid differences also appear. Despite her provincial base, Stanton moved in a cosmopolitan Anglo-American milieu, intellectually and socially; her mind stretched to Harriet Taylor, John Stuart Mill, and *Jane Eyre*. Anthony's world, the upstate countryside, was a universe of pigs and parsnips, of the homey concerns of a large struggling family. The epistolary styles of the early correspondence are wonderfully revealing: Stanton's letters are lifted by the swooping cadences that the great nineteenth-century political minds used even in their most intimate letters, Anthony's letters are knotted intricately in the everyday particulars of money, work, and sickness. "Do write very soon," she adjures the folks, "tell me about the strawberries & peaches, cherries & plums. Joseph talks some of going with us & going to his father's . . . Joshua and Elisha want to come too. I guess I will come home & live this winter & let Mary and Merritt go to Washington Co." The marvel is that Anthony ever lifted her head from her appointed furrow. It was difficult for anyone to extricate any kind of self from this kin-based country life of thick obligations, dependencies, and anxieties, but it was virtually impossible for a woman to do so.

Stanton's difficulties in grabbing time away from her household to read and to write are more easily appreciable now: they are a little resonant with our own dilemmas of bourgeois busyness. But it was Anthony, the unmarried sister whose labor and time were claimed not by one family but by several, who had the harder time launching herself. "It seems to me that no one feels that it is any thing out of the common course of things, for me to sacrifice my every feeling, almost principle, to gratify those with whom I have chance to mingle," she complained of one stint helping out a relative. Yet slowly she crafted an independent life, helped by her friendship with Stanton, which began in 1851.

First in temperance work, and then in abolitionism combined with women's rights, Anthony found her voice as a speaker and her genius as an organizer. From her complicated, duty-ridden family life she brought to political work a habit of altruism and a focus on details. Anthony's later persona in the women's movement was so much the workhorse—the stoic "mother of us all," as Gertrude Stein called her—that it is jolting to realize that she was not yet thirty when she threw in her lot with the cause. She worked incessantly, often traveling alone by coach or even on foot. Although she seldom noted the costs, the stress of her young life can be glimpsed in her letters: the penny-pinching of organizational funds, the slogging on bad roads, the miserable crowds at lectures, the loneliness, the struggle to support herself—all that went into the "cold hard labor" of which she complained in a low moment.

The *Selected Papers* uphold a now-common view of Stanton as the brains of the pair and Anthony as the dogsbody organizer, but the book's offerings deepen the meaning of both roles. This was a different political and intellectual



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world, in which the determination to eradicate the evil of slavery gave drive and authority to all sorts of American lives, mixing up ideas and politics. The friendship had the consequence of attaching some of Stanton's intellectual boldness to Anthony the schoolteacher-organizer, and some of Anthony's political acumen to Stanton the cerebral housewife. Anthony thrilled to Stanton's leaps of the mind; and their sallies into the world helped to transform Stanton from a bold thinker into a political swashbuckler. "In the human soul, the steps between discontent and action are few and short indeed," she once observed to her abolitionist cousin Gerrit Smith; and it was in large part Anthony who helped her to compress the distance.

In the 1850s, each moved from the edges to the center of radical reform. Stanton did so by means of her prominence at Seneca Falls, which instituted a loose organization for women's rights embodied in annual conventions. Anthony became a paid organizer for anti-slavery. The renewed interest in women was so strong in the ranks that female lecturers sometimes alternated topics: one night slavery, the next women's rights. The new pride of status, coupled with the exhilarating new friendship, unleashed in these extraordinary women a torrent of work that continued unabated through the Civil War.

The political culture of the 1850s provided audiences with an enormous sense of political efficacy (even for disenfranchised women), and a rich repertoire of metaphors and images: of "bondage," which Stanton translated into the "mental bondage" of undereducated, housebound women, and of "universal democracy," the redolent term for a consortium of rights-bearing individuals. Ann Gordon's subtitle for this first volume of the Stanton-Anthony Papers, "In the School of Anti-Slavery," is apt, for Northeastern reform politics at mid-century were indeed a huge pedagogical effort in reasoning, arguing, writing, orating, and storytelling.

Stanton and Anthony learned from their fellows a method that was closely reasoned and argumentative (rather than exhortatory and denunciatory, in the twentieth-century mode of left-wing persuasion). Long speeches and long articles geared to patient audiences turned upon the enunciation of a series of errors, refuted point by point to listeners accustomed to sitting for hours. A fair sample of the method can be gleaned from Stanton's first public address on women's rights, delivered right after Seneca Falls. She states a mistaken idea ("let us consider man's claims to physical superiority"), then circles around it, raising a calm objection, a commonsensical point, some shrewd reversal of accepted wisdom. Men are intellectually superior, Satan picked the weaker sex for his designs, women are satisfied with things as they are: little is left of these hoary claims when she is done. Even the easily verified point that the Bible tells wives to obey their husbands seems shaky after Stanton has worked over Genesis and Paul's epistles.

These speeches and writings are heavy going today, but even a cursory look shows how intrepidly and efficiently Stanton, with Anthony close behind, cut her way through the defense of the status quo to occupy her own intellectual redoubt. In the 1850s, the vote was only one concern among many. Searching for a pure liberal lineage for feminism, recent writers have suggested that this early movement kept itself away from the task of changing private life, but nothing could be farther from the truth. In the 1850s, women's rights leaders used the metaphor of bondage to argue that disenfranchisement was inextricable from women's relegation to the home.

Anthony eventually settled on the vote as sufficient, but Stanton never lost the drive to peer into the crevices of private life. "What do you women want?": this volume of papers shows that she raised the rhetorical question years before Freud put it slightly differently; and unlike Freud, she went on to speculate on why they didn't get it. The pedagogy of abolition helped both women in the 1850s to entertain simultaneous, even contradictory, ardors. The vote was their passion, but they also challenged differences between the sexes that even friends and compatriots tolerated as nature's inevitabilities.

It was the unjust nature of marriage for women that quickly became Stanton's hobby horse. The rectification of civil disabilities for married women, especially their right to hold property in their own names and their right to child custody in divorce, were mainstays of the movement after Seneca Falls. Yet Stanton sailed past the legal remedies to a hard-edged criticism of the cultural and psychological limitations on women that were embedded in the institution:

> Among all Christian nations, woman is still regarded as an article of merchandise; she is given in marriage as an inferior; promises to *'obey'* and to *'cleave'* to *that one man as long* as he lives; no matter what his transformation or her development may be.

This sort of thinking veered dangerously close to free love heterodoxy, and it made Stanton's moderate companions queasy. Like her contemporaries John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor in London, she grasped the connection between the subjugation of women in marriage and their inability to move in the world. She called for the entire desacralization of the relationship as the first step toward rectifying its inequities. As early as 1854, Stanton raised the hackles of more temperate souls by calling for the regulation of marriage as a purely civil contract, dissoluble at the behest of either party. She could not bear the encrustation of custom that masked the fundamentally unfair position of wives. In 1860, at the tenth women's rights convention, she scandalized the New York

Pity

In the ninth decade of my life, the feeling which rises in me is pity, useless. A multitude, an immense number of faces, shapes, fates of particular beings, and a sort of merging with them from inside, but at the same time my awareness that I will not find anymore the means to offer a home in my poems to these guests of mine, for it is too late. I think also that, could I start anew, every poem of mine would have been a biography or a portrait of a particular person, or, in fact, a lament over his or her destiny.

CZESLAW MILOSZ

—translated from the Polish by the author and Robert Hass

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press and many in the audience by calling for, in our parlance, no-fault divorce.

Stanton and Anthony grasped the structural constraints of customs prettied up by patriarchal niceties and spurious respect. Thus Stanton could not bear to be called Mrs. Henry Stanton: it was unthinkable that she would divest herself of the encumbrance of her husband's name, but at least she would keep herself from being entirely eradicated nominally. "Denying to woman her own name," she upbraided Wendell Phillips, who had written her as Mrs. H.B. Stanton. Had he never heard "that women & negroes were beginning to repudiate the name of their masters?—& claiming a right to a life long name of their own?"

For Anthony, the battle was female dress. There is a lot in the letters about the ordeal of high principle represented by bloomers—the Turkish-inspired blousy culottes invented by Amelia Bloomer, editor of a women's rights newspaper. This narrative thread shows vividly what the penchant for high principle could cost women in daily life. A number of women reformers adopted bloomers in the 1850s, but they met such insults on the street, and such dismay from their loved ones, that they generally gave them up.

Stanton's correspondence with abolitionist luminaries shows that even sympathetic men were oblivious to what was at stake. As usual, she was especially tart with Gerrit Smith, whose dull adherence to the status quo in gender relations (though not in slavery) annoyed her no end. "Believing as you do in the identity of the sexes," she remonstrated, "why keep up these distinctions in dress? Surely, whatever dress is convenient for one sex must be for the other also." But bloomers meant something different to Anthony. Since she was alone among the early women's rights crowd in needing to earn her own living, Anthony comprehended viscerally the problems that working women encountered.

Traveling for her work, Anthony knew the literal drag of long skirts: the impossibility of keeping the hems clean, the worry of getting clothes washed on the road. She saw the ways in which Victorian dresses played into the rigid sex bar in work: women in skirts could not even try remunerative manual trades, so easily could they become tangled up with machinery and tools. "I can see no business avocation, in which woman, in her ... present dress can possibly earn equal wages with man—& feel that it is folly for us to make the demand until, we adapt our dress to our work—I every day, feel more keenly the terrible bondage of these long skirts." Bloomers represented a chance to redress not an abstract injustice but a mundane material inequity, and she clung to them after the others had abandoned the fight.

From the beginning, then, the preoccupation with unfettering the entire female person, soul and body, from degrading customs led women's rights advocates simultaneously to agitate for the vote and to protest the indignities of personal relations. Full citizenship meant the vote, full personhood meant a release from coerced femininity. Both were swirled into the meaning of that quintessential phrase "equal rights."

Some have seized upon the rallying cry of "equal rights" to mark women's rights as a movement of well-mannered liberals who properly limited themselves to changing the law and left the rest of women's difficulties to individual choice. Thus Suzanne Marilley's book is a carefully argued and learned contribution to the view that feminism and liberalism are synonymous. Her account is an excellent introduction to the nineteenth-century campaign; it tracks the movement from 1848 through a series of dogged state campaigns in Colorado in the 1890s and beyond. Marilley stresses the suppleness of the abolitionist legacy and admires the capaciousness of equal-rights ideology after the Civil War to contain a variety of goals for women, including goals to protect women.

Still, the focus is too limited. To attribute the development of women's rights to liberalism alone is to miss what makes it a vital and particularly American inheritance. Such a view is finally an ideological reduction, not a historical interpretation, since it bypasses the living streams of women's-rights—and eventually feminist—thought. Liberalism cannot explain Anthony's bloomers or Stanton's vitriol about the sexual double standard. While supple enough to allow women's rights to coalesce in the 1850s, liberalism cannot account for the explosive elements of the tradition—for its historically unprecedented evaluation of the female self and the ability of its leaders to ally themselves, in practice and in imagination, with women as they were, in a variety of situations. For this we must look to sources outside liberalism, to the freshets that dissolved the inherited limits of the imagination.

In Stanton's offhand remarks in *Selected Papers*, in particular, an unexpected admixture of influences is plain. Although she would in time become a militant secularist, Stanton's Protestant heritage always undergirded her radical faith that the soul had no sex and that the seemingly preordained differences between men and women were earthly conceits, temporary and circumstantial. Transcendentalist cadences move through Stanton's profession that "anything that is outward, all forms and ceremonies, faiths and symbols, policies and institutions, may be washed away, but that which is of the very being must stand forever." (She lived off and on in Boston, the transcendentalist capital.) And the influences of Romantic writers are also evident. A wonderful profession of women's rights as a spiritual vocation beats with a Romantic passion that merges body and soul, imagination and intellect: "Nothing, nobody could abate

Power of Speech

"What is not said, tends to nonexistence." It's astonishing to think about the multitude of events in the twentieth century and about the people taking part in them, and to realize that every one of those situations deserved an epic, a tragedy, or a lyric poem. But nothing—they sank, leaving only a faint trace. One can say that even the most powerful, full-blooded, active personality is hardly a shadow compared to a few well-chosen words, even if they describe no more than the rising moon.

CZESLAW MILOSZ

—translated from the Polish by the author and Robert Hass

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the all-absorbing, agonizing interest I feel in the redemption of woman. I could not wash my hands of woman's rights, for they are dyed clear through to the marrow of the bone."

II.

For all the heat that Stanton and Anthony generated, their influence was limited, as Marilley explains, to circles of radical Quakers and Garrisonian activists: "a little apostolic number," in Anthony's depressed description. Debacle was in the wings. When the Civil War came, they threw themselves into the effort, though the *Selected Papers* show how the more practical Anthony grew uneasy and then panicked as she saw the interest in women's rights petering out. "All our reformers seem suddenly to have grown politic," she lamented in 1862. "All alike say, ... 'Wait until the war excitement abates,' which is to say, 'Ask our opponents if they think we had better speak, or, rather, if they do not think we had better remain silent.' I am sick at heart, but I can not carry the world against the wish and the will of our best friends."

The Reconstruction amendments, which marked a turning point that might have enshrined universal democracy as the law of the land, had the paradoxical effect of explicitly repudiating woman suffrage by introducing the qualification "male" in the Fourteenth Amendment. This first volume of the papers takes the story up to the end of 1866: the Amendment had yet to pass Congress, but the fissures were already evident in state meetings and conventions. The book's gleanings show that a ferocious and highly principled debate was smoldering.

Stanton and Anthony have been accused, not unjustly, of restricting the campaign for woman suffrage to white women, but at this point they were working from the premise of votes for everyone. As a loyal male supporter maintained, the real question was "not the rights of woman, or the negro, but the rights of all men and women." The problem was that most of their allies divided the issues. The situation of black men, especially that of Republican supporters and returning soldiers in the South, required immediate help. Frederick Douglass, once a fellow traveler of the founding feminists, argued on grounds of *realpolitik* that the women could wait. "When women, because they are women, are hunted down ... when they are dragged from their houses and hung upon lampposts; when their children are torn from their arms and their brains dashed out upon the pavement ... when they are in danger of having their homes burnt down over their heads ... then they will have an urgency to obtain the ballot equal to our own." Stanton protested that women were black as well, but it was a weak retort.

In the 1860s, women's rights advocates paid the price for their earlier lack of interest in the free black abolitionist women who, after the war, might have helped to create a politics that joined the plight of the freedpeople to the plight of women. Enraged by the abolitionists' defection, Stanton and Anthony turned to racist and nativist arguments to bolster women's suffrage. How dare Congress enfranchise ignorant black men and foreigners—"Patrick and Sambo and Hans and Yung Tung," in Stanton's ugly phrase—when its finest "Saxon daughters" had no voice in government? They even campaigned in the company of a pro-Southern Democrat who championed votes for women. Old friends were appalled.

The ranks divided. The majority of antislavery reformers gravitated to a Boston-based organization, mild in tone, mindful of the necessity of accepting a lower priority for women's rights in the reform agenda. Stanton and Anthony regrouped in New York, and in 1869 they started their own association single-mindedly committed to women's rights and to pressing for a constitutional amendment. The movement was irreparably torn, but the disarray had the virtue of spilling women's rights out into national political culture.

Over the next four decades, the suffrage movement expanded exponentially, drawing tens of thousands of new recruits from women's civic clubs, benevolent societies, and temperance reform into a plethora of campaigns, mostly conducted at the state and local levels. The leadership passed from a seasoned minority of dissenters, who were propelled by the conviction that the differences between men and women could be undone, to a younger generation of more moderate disposition, who accepted those differences and sought to enhance women's power within them.

The shifts in emphasis and membership were complex. The women's movement in the late nineteenth century fanned out over a broad spectrum of overlapping causes and constituencies, from progressive champions of labor in the cities to African American temperance supporters in the South. But one way to understand those competing strains—which persist into our own day—is to notice the latent psychological polarities that structure the manifest political content. Over time, the sisterhood of women's rights has broken apart

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into wary if not antagonistic camps, particularly at those moments when one generation succeeds another.

One might say that there has been a feminism of the mothers and a feminism of the daughters. The feminism of the mothers leans toward responsibility and propriety; accepts the constraints of custom; acknowledges the comforts and the compensations of traditional families; wants to make men more accountable to their wives and their homes. It seeks, in sum, to find a basis for women's power in things as they are. The feminism of the daughters tends toward contempt for things as they are. It is utopian, flamboyant, defiant, insistent on claiming the privileges of men. It is animated by a bold imagination of equality, so that women may act in the world exactly as men act.

It was a politics of the mothers that coalesced after the Civil War, displacing the natural rights thinking of the 1850s, which, if it was not quite a daughters' platform, certainly toyed with ideas of making the lives of the metaphorical sisterhood more consonant with the brotherhood of man. This postwar generation lacked the intrepidity to poke and prod at the carapace of accepted roles. For them, the distinctions between the sexes, especially the assumption of women's superior gifts for domesticity and child-rearing, seemed unobjectionable. The problem was that women, because they did not vote, could not extend their motherly capacities into the world. This new generation had little use for the thoroughgoing analysis and experimentation that Stanton, Anthony, and their peers had undertaken in the 1850s. They were not keen for bloomers or for prying into marriage or for challenging the interpretation of Scripture.

Anthony eventually accommodated herself to the situation by training her sights on the vote and the vote alone, and fashioning herself as a fictive mother to the movement, "Aunt Susan," a leader who kept divisive issues of sexuality, religion, and racial integration at bay. For her efforts, she was anointed the leader of suffrage forces when the rival factions reunited in 1892. But Stanton had a more difficult task. She needed a different sort of constituency: people—but especially women—who could occupy the large imaginative space that she cleared for her sex. For all her interest in the plight of married women, she was a born daughter, who required female allies who saw themselves as free agents.

Enter Victoria Woodhull. Ann Gordon's first volume of *Selected Papers* stops short of the 1870s, but Barbara Goldsmith's book opens up a lively vista onto the changed women's rights scene that the extraordinary Woodhull galvanized in 1871-72. Woodhull was an *arriviste* to New York, a drifter and hustler born on the wrong side of the tracks in the Ohio countryside, a one-time medicine-show performer and spiritualist medium who had a shady past with men. She had two husbands in tow when she arrived in New York with a sprawling ménage of family members. (One of them was, ostensibly, an ex-husband, but the finality of the divorce was questionable.) There were rumors that she had been a prostitute out West.

Goldsmith tells little about how she gravitated to women's rights. The sensationalist Woodhull seems to have been drawn to militancy as much for profit as for principle. After the break in the movement, so much of its direction and its leadership was up for grabs that an upstart daughter could create quite a commotion. Woodhull transformed herself into the free spirit of sexual equality. And of sexy equality, too: she was much happier, at first, advertising her alliances with powerful men than her indebtedness to other women.

Woodhull liked to snatch the rights that her predecessors had demanded be given to them. Her response to women's exclusion from the professions was to set herself up, with her sister, as the first female stockbroker on Wall Street, under the protection of a doting Commodore Vanderbilt. She went one better on bloomers by wearing snappy men's suits to the office. In 1870, she confronted female disenfranchisement by declaring herself a candidate for president, under the tutelage of another eminent patron, Republican Congressman Benjamin Butler.

The symbolic presidential campaign, and Woodhull's subsequent appearance before Congress to argue for suffrage, attracted the attention of Stanton and Anthony. Many veterans of women's rights—especially in Boston—were appalled by the escapades of a newcomer who could at best be seen as an unruly daughter, at worst as an ignorant hussy. But for Stanton and (at least initially) Anthony, Woodhull seemed a marvelous portent of possibility.

She stood out thrillingly in a political milieu now bare of the adamantine idealism of the Garrisonians, and listing toward the respectability into which it would soon settle. Many of the recruits whom Stanton and Anthony were attracting in New York were novices, too young to have attended the school of antislavery, intellectually tepid and far more timid in the face of "forms and ceremonies" than the abolitionist women had been. By virtue of their youth, they should have brought fresh ideas and daring. In fact, they were literally and temperamentally matronly, given to a smug faith that ladylike manners would win the day. But not Woodhull.

Intellectually, Woodhull was dazzling. The "Woodhull strategy," laid out in her testimony before the House and Senate Judiciary Committees, slashed through the sex qualification of the Fourteenth Amendment, reasoning syllogistically that women were already enfranchised. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments conferred citizenship on all persons born or naturalized in the United States and guaranteed their rights.

The Past

The past is *inaccurate.* Whoever lives long enough knows how much what he had seen with his own eyes becomes overgrown with rumor, legend, a magnifying or belittling hearsay. "It was not like that at all!"—he would like to exclaim, but will not, for they would have seen only his moving lips without hearing his voice.

CZESLAW MILOSZ

—translated from the Polish by the author and Robert Hass

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Women were persons; suffrage was a right of citizenship; women, therefore, could vote.

Congress and the newspapers chattered; and women from Stanton and Anthony's organization followed suit that fall by trekking to the polls to claim the right to vote. The infusion of bold action was invigorating. Anthony was leery of Woodhull—she disliked those men buzzing around her, the taint of scandal—but Woodhull's triumph in Washington erased Anthony's doubts temporarily and she got herself arrested for trying to vote. "Bravo! My Dear Woodhull!" she cheered, "I feel new life—new hope that our battle is to be short, sharp and decisive.... I have never in the whole twenty years' *good fight* felt so full of life and hope."

For Stanton, the encounter was serendipitous in marking a transition that was at once political, generational, and social. This comes through in Goldsmith's rendition, though unwittingly, since Goldsmith is not interested enough in Stanton to wonder what the well-bred judge's daughter, once the consort of high-minded Quakers and Frederick Douglass's co-conspirator, gained from her friendship with the one-time medicine show performer. The collaboration confirmed Stanton's willingness to cut herself loose from the old political base and its sterling principles, the old-time religion of the 1850s.

The dark side of Stanton's openness to new political forces was her racism, her willingness to make alliances with whatever set of prejudices suited her cause. But there was also a newfound interest in the resources of those outside the charmed circles in which she had been raised. And so Stanton extended herself, with a politically sensuous come-hither, to the emboldening impulses that Woodhull beamed. Let the eccentrics, the untutored, the politically suspect come on, she wrote her new ally: politically, "I would rather make a few blunders from a superabundance of life than to have all the proprieties of a well embalmed mummy."

Woodhull's "superabundance of life" sprang from both her suffrage extremism and her willingness to talk about sex. A veteran of the rough gender economy of seedy boarding-houses, she had a bred-in-the-bones appreciation for the part that men's social and sexual privileges played in the system of inequality. Yet she did not conclude that men should be reined in, which was the women's rights position. She concluded that women should be let loose.

With a daughter's eagerness to kick over the traces, she denounced marriage as legalized prostitution and advocated a philosophy of free love, a branch of utopian socialism that championed the woman's right to sexual fulfillment separated from child-bearing. (This idea made free-lovers the prescient champions of contraception.) Free-lovers spurned legal marriage—it coerced what should be freely given—and argued for a heterosexual union close to our own notions of "living together," a higher monogamy outside marriage that could be dissolved at will.

At the edges—and Woodhull skirted the edges—the ideal of a higher monogamy could stray into the realm of serial, even multiple partners. All this made free love tantamount to prostitution in the minds of the respectable. Still, Woodhull's wildness appealed to Stanton. She had been moving toward similar conclusions about marriage (though the lurid metaphor of legalized prostitution had not yet occurred to her), but she was on her own: even Anthony, loyal as she was,

VICTORIA WOODHULL, 1871

struggled against her distaste for her friend's preoccupation with sexual matters.

Woodhull, a shady lady who had schooled herself in a world of anarchists and utopian socialists into which Stanton had never ventured, brought vitality to the older woman's intuitions and meditations. But Stanton's embrace of a loose woman outraged her political enemies all the more. The Boston group in particular looked to draw blood. Stanton was too big a target, but not Woodhull. And Woodhull was aware that there was danger in several quarters. As Goldsmith shows, the rival women's rights factions were not the only ones who saw their chance as Woodhull shifted from suffrage to advocating free love. There were also the resentful members of her family.

In 1873, Woodhull made a spectacular admission to a packed New York house: "Yes! I am a free lover! I have an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may, to love for as long or as short a period as I can, to change that love every day if I please!" This crippled Woodhull's viability as a speaker, transforming her in the public mind from a personage evoking the liminality of the stage actress to a self-confessed harlot. Desperate and angry, Woodhull played the hand that proved her undoing. In a monthly paper, she and her sister published the revelation of an adulterous liaison between the charismatic minister Henry Ward Beecher, scion of the eminent reformer family, and his parishioner Elizabeth Tilton.

The affair was common knowledge among the reformer sophisticates of Manhattan and Beecher's Brooklyn Heights church; and so were the dalliances of Libby Tilton's husband Theodore, an up-and-coming newspaperman, liberal politico, and one of Stanton and Anthony's stalwarts. But Woodhull charged that Beecher and his cronies were hypocrites for repudiating publicly the ethos that they privately enjoyed. Free love seems to have become the rage in Brooklyn Heights, a moony opportunism that justified serial infidelities, men's and women's, in an age when divorce was next to impossible. The explicit nature of the revelations, coupled with Beecher's success in cleaning up his reputation in the long divorce trial that followed, sealed Woodhull's fate. Hounded by the vice crusader Anthony Comstock for her "obscene" lectures and her writings about free love, she was indicted and jailed repeatedly over the next few years.

For all of Goldsmith's assiduous research into the historical context, her portrait of Woodhull is flat. It falls back into a line of sensationalized journalistic depictions of the "fabulous siren": a backwoods original, an entrepreneur and con artist, a self-promoter devoid of inner life. Goldsmith is too unskeptical about the scandal-mongering against Woodhull; and she is weirdly uninterested in relationships between women and in the drama of women's rights, in which Woodhull created a starring role for herself. Thus she ends up demoting a rich political conjuncture into a tale of gullibility and opportunism.

Even New York City—a historic refuge of plotters, conspirators, and flamboyant radicals—could not provide Woodhull sanctuary. None of her new acquaintances came to her aid, not even Stanton. Woodhull sank down to the dim lower levels of the lecture circuit. By 1877, America was no good for her. She moved to England, where her old skills landed her a rich Londoner named John Martin, who set her up, a respectable lady for the first time in her life, in a fine big

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establishment in the substantial suburb of Kensington.

Despite her husband's valiant efforts, London society shunned her. Goldsmith does not say so, but among those who would have chosen not to visit would have been the Martins' neighbors at Hyde Park Gate, the eminent critic Leslie Stephen and his wife Julia. There, on the "little sealed loop" of a street, where everybody knew everything about everybody, and all the residents took their daily walks, we may spot (thanks to Hermione Lee's *Virginia Woolf*) Mrs. Martin. We may see her as the small, curious Virginia saw her, out of the corner of her eye, a shadowy figure draped in her mother's suspicions of a "somehow infamous" suffragist past. How Woolf, with her second sense of a secret history of women which drifted through the London streets, would have loved the story! How she would have kindled to the evanescent metropolitan moment when that odd, dashing female past glanced against her own gathering feminist present!

III.

The vote was not won until 1919, but other demands for equality were achieved in the late nineteenth century, including the opening of higher education to women. Newly-founded women's colleges and coeducational public universities sent out self-consciously New Women to work in the world as doctors, businesswomen, settlement house residents, artists, professors. This was the first generation of middle-class women to choose paid work over what one of their number, Jane Addams, called the "family claim." They were going to "matter" in the world.

In the 1880s, the small Virginia Stephen and the middle-aged Mrs. Martin lived in a London where (Woolf later recalled wryly) a respectable woman was as likely to be seen alone in town as to walk outside in a dressing gown carrying a bath sponge. Similar rules of seclusion held in the United States. In both countries, however, they were buckling under the to-ings and fro-ings of New Women, independent-minded and often marriage-spurning daughters.

One of the beneficiaries of the changing dispensation was Elizabeth Cady Stanton's daughter Harriot. Primed with her mother's fierce pride (Stanton modestly enjoined her daughter to "love and work for humanity, to go on with my work when I am done, to make life easier in any direction for those who come after you"), she received a stiff education at Vassar and then went on to Europe, where she imbibed the latest currents in the social sciences and soon married Harry Blatch, a kindly Englishman. Marriage and two daughters scarcely slowed her: she plunged into politics, working with the British suffragists at the point when votes for women were inseparable from broader issues of enfranchisement—a historical moment that resonated with her mother's first involvement in the issue in the 1850s—and then, briefly, with the Fabians.

The Fabians were hostile to women's rights, but the mixing of labor, socialist, and women's concerns in concrete legislative proposals—and especially the keen interest in the plight of working women—taught her a practical and inclusive approach to electoral politics that went far beyond the strategies in use in the United States. When Blatch returned to America in 1896, Ellen Carol DuBois suggests, she was uniquely equipped by virtue of her maternal heritage and, more important, by the intellectual receptivity that heritage had bequeathed her, to become a leader in transforming women's rights into its twentieth-century incarnation as feminism.

In America, Blatch found a stultifying suffrage movement that "bored its devotees and repelled its opponents": "Most of the ammunition was being wasted on its supporters in private drawing rooms and in public halls where friends, drummed up and harried by the ardent, listlessly heard the same old arguments." Still, distinct from this network of staid matrons was an inchoate milieu of young New Women who defined themselves by the modernist term "feminism." Imported from France, feminism denoted youth, psychology, sex, financial independence, self. And elements of the marginalized nineteenth-century critique of marriage resurfaced, this time with broader appeal to a generation more interested in expressing female sexual desire than in containing men.

Blatch swiftly attached herself to this milieu and reinvigorated the scene in the city. She organized an Equality League, a small but influential group that brought together some of New York's most brilliant New Women professionals with gifted working women and labor organizers from the trades. The focus was on the bond that joined employed women across class lines, on the conviction that paid work, since it freed women from economic dependence on men, was the necessary basis for sex equality.

The feminist movement of the nineteenth century had treated the working woman as a pitiable victim, imagined quintessentially as the starving seamstress in her garret. But feminists in the early twentieth century promoted a spirited, youthful working woman as the exemplar of emancipation, the feisty rebel girl of the picket lines to be admired, emulated, and supported. The tinge of youthful hope, the emphasis on a destiny outside marriage, the scornful rejection of conventional womanhood: all this went into the militant suffragism of the rebellious daughters.

By the early 1910s, suffragism was one of the largest and most varied democratic movements in the country's history, encompassing a cast of characters that stretched far beyond the stalwart mothers of the nineteenth century. The "superabundance of life" with which Stanton had flirted now materialized in a politics that combined intellectual force with social eclecticism. Recruits from the socialists, the trade unions, African American groups, and the immigrant Left worked for the vote. Disgruntled high society ladies mixed with working women, New Women all.

The militant movement that again surged out of New York City took women's rights into the era of modern electoral politics. There was plenty of the "plain, dead-ahead slogging" at which Anthony had excelled; Blatch learned the arts of legislative lobbying and door-to-door electioneering. Yet the range greatly expanded. Late-Victorian ladies had kept politics safely indoors, where they protected themselves from exposure to the smearing public eye. Blatch and her contemporaries took their campaign outdoors, in marvelous outdoor parades (all dressed in white marching down Fifth Avenue) and coast-to-coast all-female automobile entourages. They tapped the enlivening properties of commercial culture with suffrage hats, suffrage postcards, suffrage dances, even suffrage movies.

The feminism of the daughters made some room for a feminism of the sons. The enthusiasm was contagious, and blended with the optimistic American spirit of the new. Even liberals and progressives—especially young men—who ten years earlier would have been cool to the suffrage issue now warmed to its promise. At the *The New Republic*, just founded and buoyant with modern sensibilities, the editors gave over an issue in October 1915 to rousing support for the New York State campaign that Blatch orchestrated.

A string of male pundits proclaimed the value, the importance, the necessity of votes for women. Walter Lippmann, a card-carrying suffragist since his days at Harvard, believed that a great deal of change between men and women was in the works and he welcomed it. In an essay deeply sympathetic to feminism, he made suffrage the centerpiece of an all-embracing program:

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> At bottom the struggle might almost be described as an effort to alter the tone of people's voices and the look in their eyes. But that means an infinitely greater change, a change in the initial prejudice with which men and women react towards each other and the world.... Thought will not flow freely and inventively so long as it runs in the narrow channels of the older tradition.

Rather remarkably, Lippmann proves to have been the first advocate of the no-more-nice-girls idea: "This change women cannot bring about by being nice girls, dancing well, dressing well, becoming adept in small talk, marrying an honest man, supervising a servant, and seeing that the baby is clean, healthy and polite. They have to take part in the wider affairs of life. Their demand for the vote expresses that aspiration."

Such encouraging male counterparts—from *The New Republic*, the radical *Masses*, wherever—were brothers to be welcomed. Older women—the mothers so committed to the niceness that the daughters were fleeing—were more problematic. Suffrage veterans disliked the feminists' sexually adventurous spirit and their eagerness to defy ideals of feminine propriety. For the new generation, however, the repudiation of older women's timidity before the gender status quo seemed a virtual requirement of the modern spirit.

Ellen Carol DuBois has done more than any contemporary historian to bring to life the history of suffrage politics, and she sees a great deal at stake in these efforts to preserve the sense of a complex historical legacy. She is exquisitely attuned to the undertow of disaffiliation between women in this high-flying political moment. Blatch, the paradigmatic daughter, was one of the few to see that repudiation of past women's efforts was not without its costs, that it depleted the present as well as emancipated it. For her, the challenge of finding a relationship to the legacy of the nineteenth century was personal and political.

Blatch needed to be her own person as well as her mother's daughter, and she resolved this dilemma politically, by extending her sense of feminism beyond her mother's reach—into issues of women's paid work, for example, that the latter was ill-fitted to understand. At the same time, Blatch sensed that her mother's most heterodox ideas, spurned by her Victorian contemporaries, resonated with the requirements of female modernity. She deeply resented Susan Anthony's ascendancy, and the secondary status to which her mother had been relegated in the history of suffrage. She worked hard to restore the full range of Stanton's thought, which had been exercised and pruned away to fit the single-issue focus of the late-nineteenth-century campaign.

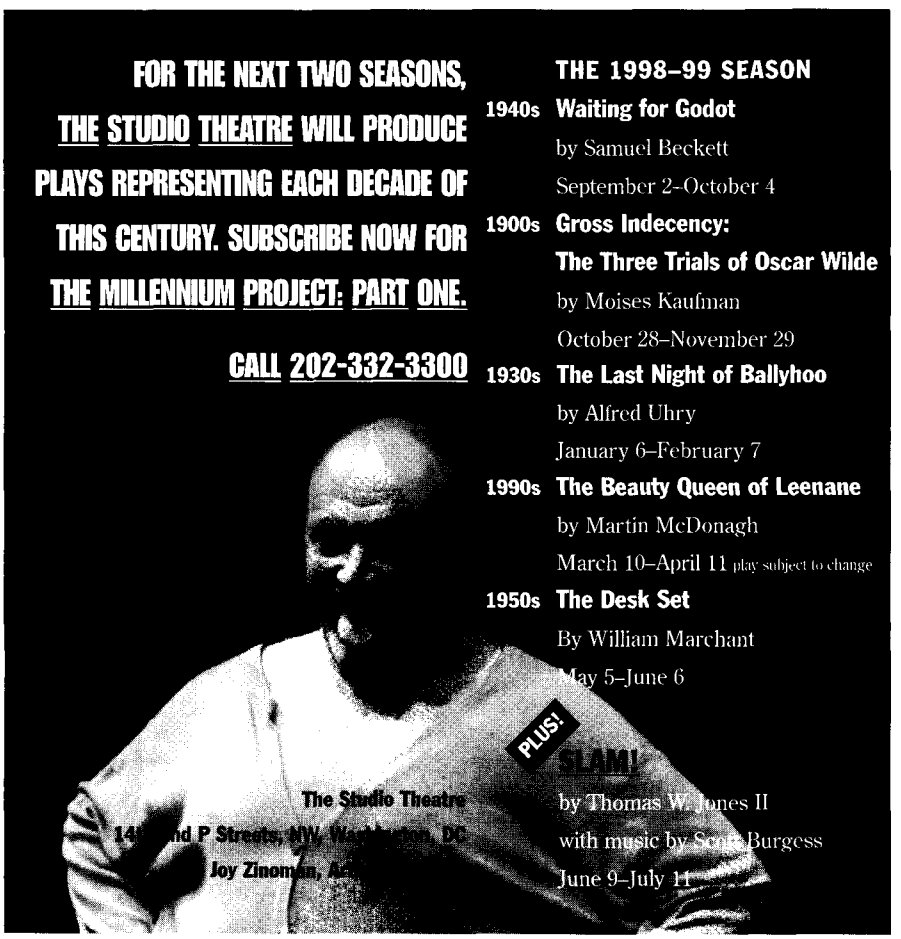
For Blatch's most searching feminist contemporaries, discovering the breadth and the complexity of Stanton's ideas was exhilarating. "I have longed to rush in upon you with my excitement over your mother," the historian Mary Beard wrote Blatch after having raced through the collection of Stanton's papers that Blatch had amassed and deposited at the Library of Congress. "Every item in those folders excites me." Here was a usable past that billowed out from the confines of Victorian maternalism. Even the reputation of Victoria Woodhull, whose role in suffragism had been consistently suppressed in the official history of the movement, made a comeback after her death in 1927; and Stanton, whose devotion to Woodhull had been held against her for thirty years in the suffrage movement, gained luster through the association.

IV.

This saga of generation and memory, of mothers and daughters, is the standard by which the convulsions of contemporary feminism—or rather, postfeminism—must be measured. We are the heirs of a great tradition of intelligence, courage, and imagination; but you would not know it from the postfeminism that surrounds us.

Characterizing Harriot Blatch's self-understanding when she was just out of Vassar, Ellen DuBois nicely captures the mentality: "young, self-confident, and sure she had never experienced discrimination by sex, a century later she would have been called a postfeminist, exhibiting in equal measure arrogance and naivete about the condition of her sex." The postfeminist of the 1990s revolts against a fantasy of traditional feminists as older, puritanical, limiting, hectoring—the tight-lipped, overly serious, disapproving mothers. Indeed, the generational tension seems a little familiar. Here, again, surely, is a feminism of the daughters.

But it is not that at all, because this construction of womanhood is fundamentally timid and trivial. A career decision, a wardrobe decision, a cosmetic-surgery decision: these are the occasions for the postfeminist call-to-arms. Sisters, fight for the legitimacy of your lingerie! Do not surrender your nail polish to the prudish mothers! You are free to swish your hips! Contemporary postfeminist writings—notably the recent books by Katie



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Roiphe, Karen Lehrman, and Elizabeth Wurtzel—belong to the literature of adolescence rather than the literature of ideas. They confuse sex with life, as adolescents do. They are driven mainly by appearances. They are unable to grasp the requirements of the world outside the self. They defend little and they build nothing. From these books the misogynists and the enemies of equality have nothing to fear.

In the hands of the postfeminists, even Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the champion of dress reform, the inveterate foe of men's power over women's self-esteem, the fierce analyst of the ways in which the coercive power of men over women disguised itself within marriage, is complacently enlisted as just another advocate of female self-improvement. In this reading—which is really the consequence of a lack of reading—Stanton joins Sharon Stone in a single sacred sisterhood. The strenuous worldview at the heart of the feminist tradition has been usurped by the epicene worldview of the women's magazines, which hides its indifference to critical thinking, its substitution of psychology for politics, its prescriptions for conformity, its enslavement of women to "style," all behind the good and complicated name of feminism.

This is not the feminism of the daughters. It is the feminism of the girls. Not bad girls, just girls; shrewd, not rebellious; ostensibly brazen, but essentially anxious. Confronted with these whining and self-indulgent outbursts, one longs for the spirit of Seneca Falls, for the imagination, the empathy, and the ingenuity of the past, for the superabundance of life that is feminism's legacy. •

Karma Chameleon

By Stephen Owen

Prisoners of Shangri-La: Tibetan Buddhism and the West by Donald S. Lopez, Jr.

(University of Chicago Press, 283 pp., $25)

The fascination that Tibet has held for the European and American imagination is surely one of the strangest stories in the history of the West's relation to its imagined cultural others, the "non-Western" cultures. Long closed off and unreachable in its Himalayan fastness, Tibet has become almost an allegory of the West's engagement with a civilization that is altogether elsewhere. In the history of the American imagination, the story of Tibet is a story of Orientalism at its zaniest, from Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society to Timothy Leary's psychedelic commentary on *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* to the movie set reconstruction of Lhasa's Potala Palace in Argentina for *Seven Years in Tibet.*

Such visions of Tibet are all tenuously related to historical reality, but they have served as the instrument of our own inclinations. They are a means to criticize many things we are disposed not to like, from the crass materialism of capitalism to the Chinese government. What moviegoer can forget the image, in *Kundun,* of the Chinese generals stamping underfoot the sand mandala so painstakingly constructed by monks hoping only for peace? The cinematic image arouses powerful indignation. The fact that it never happened that way scarcely matters.

This remarkable book by Donald S. Lopez, Jr. is an account of the Orientalist saga of Tibet, in which the unreachable fount of "non-Western" wisdom shifts almost imperceptibly into an equally mad version of the issues now called "postcolonial." It does not make things better that these postcolonial issues arise in a culture that was never colonized by the Western powers—in a culture that was largely oblivious to them. But Tibet was harshly colonized by its very large Asian neighbor beginning in the 1950s; and the resulting diaspora community of Tibetans encountered its own image in the peculiar transformation wrought by the contemporary Western imagination. As the impoverished diaspora community entered into dialogue with the imagined Tibet of their earnest and often wealthy American and European supporters, they both reshaped the image and were themselves reshaped by it. Once outside the enclosed social and spiritual world of geographical Tibet, they had to become the culture that they were imagined to be.

To this already seething mix of cultural contradictions, moreover, we must add religion, both traditional Tibetan Buddhism and the recent religious yearnings of America. The one sought to offer salvation, the other sought to be saved; and in that happy complementarity we have a religious moment that transcends historical culture. For the believer's truth is not necessarily identical to the scholar's truth. Like Christianity, Buddhism spread from one culture to another in the hope of saving souls; and whenever one of these religions of salvation enters a new culture, it adapts to the customs of the country in the hope of saving new souls. This was true when Indian Buddhism entered Tibet, and it remains no less true as Tibetan Buddhism enters American culture. And the tale runs the other way, too. The way in which a religion rediscovers itself in new cultural contexts is usually counterbalanced by a fascination with an old and unbroken tradition. Again, this was true when Indian Buddhism entered America and it is true as Tibetan Buddhism puts down roots in America.

The issues raised in Lopez's book are a glorious mess, and they are presented to us by someone who is both a scholar and a believer. In his penultimate chapter, Lopez tries to give an account of the uneasy balance between his two roles; and there is here an uneasy genius of contradiction, which, as Lopez explicitly explores, is precisely the problem of Buddhism in America. Lopez looks to a Tibetan Buddhism of rational argument, which is the realm in which it can most comfortably be reconciled with the intellectual commitments of an American scholar. He acknowledges the supra-rational aspect of Tibetan Buddhism, the side of the faith that can put a curse on an enemy or exorcise demons, but he and the Dalai Lama are uncomfortable with it. At the same time he also recognizes the peculiar twists and turns that Tibetan Buddhism has taken in response to the spiritual needs of Americans. The believer here aids the scholar to see the religious core that survives its social and cultural metamorphoses.

The first chapters of Lopez's book concern the formation of the popular image of Tibet that took shape in Europe and America, an image relatively untouched by the participation of real Tibetans. Lopez is intensely aware that the scholarly field of Tibetan Studies bears a complicated relation to the history of Tibet's popular image: it attempts to distinguish itself from that image, yet it is tied to it at every level. Nothing can more perfectly epitomize the issues at stake than Lopez's discussion of *The Third Eye,* the ostensible autobiography of T. Lobsang Rampa.

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What are we to make of a scholarly discipline many of whose founders were deeply influenced by the book of an English correspondence clerk and photographer who claimed to have been molecularly replaced by the spirit of a Tibetan monk, and who then composed the monk's autobiography (molecular replacement evidently preserving the linguistic capabilities of the host form)? Lopez initially tells the story of T. Lobsang Rampa, who was born in 1910 as Cyril Henry Hoskin, with as straight a face as he can. We are never sure whether Rampa's/Hoskin's story is a fraud or a self-delusion; but the self-awareness and the sincerity of the author is less important than the enthusiasm with which his book was received even after it was shown that the transmogrified monk had forgotten his Tibetan. The lesson is simple: the truth of Tibet evidently matters less than the illusion.

This is Lopez's first lesson, and he drives it home forcefully. His first chapter, on "Lamaism," begins with three epigraphs. The first two are from 1835 and 1915 respectively, each decrying the impropriety of the term "Lamaism." The second expresses approval that it is dropping out of use. Yet the third, from 1991, continues to use the term to describe Tibetan Buddhism. Thus we learn from the very first page that the forces that sustain illusions about Tibet are impervious to the truth, or to scholarly animadversion.

If we accept this—as I think we must—then this aspect of Lopez's book becomes a quixotic enterprise itself. It places the "story of Tibet" in Western cultural history, understanding that we will always take the imagined Tibet as the real one. Each of his early chapters treats a different entrance into this imaginary Tibet. First "Lamaism," then *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* (which, as Lopez patiently explains, is actually a very minor example of a particular genre of religious writing), then the autobiographical *The Third Eye* by Rampa / Hoskin, then a chapter on the mantra *Om Mani padme hum.* Woven throughout are the cultists from Blavatsky to Leary, and the beginnings of a historical scholarship seeking to find a place for itself in the giddy realm of religious and cultural enthusiasm.

When we come at last to the chapter on "The Field," about Tibetan Studies in the academy, we enter the more troubled territory of Lopez's book, which also raises some of the most interesting issues. The very presence of such a chapter is owed to a turn taken in intellectual circles during the past decade. When one writes on another culture as object, one must now reflect also on the position from which one writes—its institutional imperatives, its vested interests, and the way in which it, too, is part of a culture.

This scruple is excellent in the abstract, admitting that knowledge is as much a function of the position of the knower as of the object known. In practice, however, it is a problematic enterprise, producing excesses of self-justification, self-flagellation, and uninteresting confession. To describe "where one stands" may be impossible, if only because such descriptions are themselves subject to the same criticism that motivated them.

At its best, however, introspection can lead a writer to the hard questions. This is what happens here. Lopez undertakes an account of the formation of Tibetan Studies as an academic discipline. He first gives an account of early Orientalist studies of Tibetan Buddhism, beginning in the mid-nineteenth century as an offshoot of the study of Sanskrit, and then moves to the establishment of Religious Studies programs in American universities after World War II. Here he addresses the complicated relationship between these liberal arts programs in religion and theological seminaries, posing the question of religious commitment on the part of those who teach religions as a scholarly discipline. This question of scholarship and faith is a subtext throughout the book, and it is especially urgent for the Tibetan scholar who is also a believer.

In a religion whose American version is fraught with misunderstanding and cultic excess, how do you tell the baby from the bathwater? After describing the establishment of Buddhist Studies in the context of Religious Studies programs, Lopez moves to the establishment of Tibetan Buddhist Studies. The flight of the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan diaspora seem to Lopez to have provided credible arbiters of what is the baby and what is the bathwater. Learned Tibetan monks, rigorously trained in traditions of doctrinal debate, were invited to teach in many of the new Tibetan programs established in the United States, which is rather analogous to having Thomas Aquinas come to the States to teach medieval Christian philosophy—though one suspects that the intelligent modern scholar of medieval Christian philosophy would be in equal measure delighted and troubled by such a resurrection in the classroom.

With evident pride, Lopez describes his own program of study at the University of Virginia, where visiting Tibetan monks lectured and the curriculum was at least partially shaped as a miniature version of Tibetan scholastic training, with students memorizing scholastic definitions and practicing the set forms of monastic debate. Clearly this gave students (including Lopez himself) a sense of confidence and continuity in their scholarship; the critical intelligence at work throughout Lopez's book shows clearly that the miniature traditional curriculum did not produce merely a miniature of traditional learning. Lopez clearly knows how to participate in the tradition *and* how to reflect upon it from the outside.

To his credit, Lopez never forgets that religious faith overflows both the monastery and the courses in Classical Tibetan at Charlottesville. In looking for a Tibetan Buddhism in America, he has to confront a community of white American monks who do not know Tibetan and the tradition of learning that normally would define a monk. At the same time there is a small community of Tibetan scholars (including women) who do possess the learning, but they are not monks. So where is this religion really located? And what really is this religion, after the radical translation to this continent and this culture? In a religious tradition centered on an unbroken transmission of learning from master to disciple, what does it mean when the disciples

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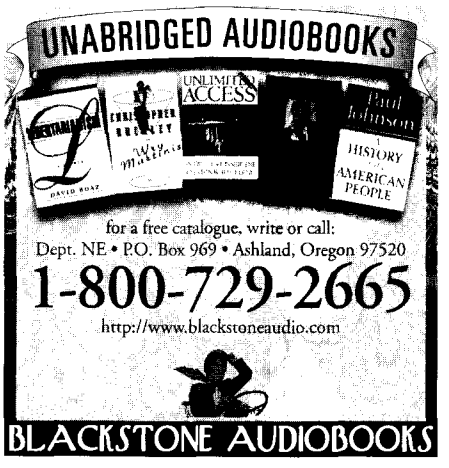

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are American university teachers, who have commitments other than the accumulation of merit and the transmission of faith?

Lopez's final chapter is called "The Prison." It begins with the Sanskrit legend of the kingdom of Shambhala (the origin of Shangri-la), a fastness protected by mountains where Buddhism is preserved in its pure form, awaiting the final apocalyptic battle in which Buddhist forces would emerge and triumph over their enemies. A part of the legend involves the kingdom's 35 million brahmans, who are given a choice to convert to Buddhism or to leave. When they decide to leave, the king realizes that this cannot be permitted. He assumes the form of a wrathful deity to frighten them on their journey, after which he brings them back and allows them to convert to Buddhism.

In this connection Lopez cites Wilde's great essay "The Decay of Lying," in which nature imitates art, and continues:

> If we extend Wilde's theory, it would seem that Western enthusiasts of Tibetan Buddhism are more authentic in their Buddhism than Tibetans precisely because they are more intimate with the simulacrum of Tibet that is the invention, that is the artifice. But what happens when the people of such an invented land leave it and come to the place of its invention?

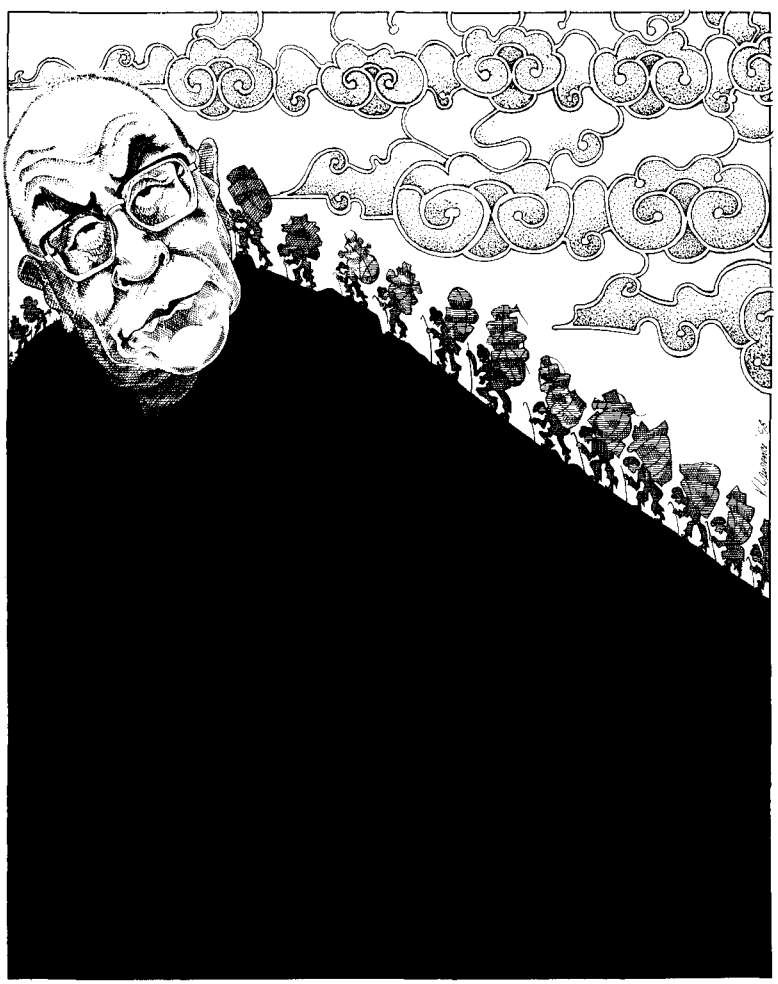
The answer to this question, involving the flight of the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan diaspora, is not that the "real thing" shatters the illusion. It is, rather, that the "real Tibetans" join in shaping the illusion and are themselves reshaped by it.

Thus the Dalai Lama emerged into a culture of "Buddhist modernism," in which Buddhist thinkers had already shaped a version of the religion that could take its place among other world religions. A more philosophical and universal Buddhism was achieved at the expense of local practices that did not exactly suit the image that the cosmopolitan proponents of the faith wanted to present to the world. Yet Tibetan Buddhism came out of its mountains replete with such local practices; and it was the Dalai Lama's task to recast the religion into the form that its foreign enthusiasts anticipated.

Lopez proceeds to an account of the "Shugden affair." Shugden was a protective deity of the Geluk Sect, of which the Dalai Lama was the head. In 1976, the Dalai Lama decided to oppose the propitiation of Shugden. This provoked great resistance from many figures in the religious establishment. Lopez stresses that this was an ecumenical move on the part of the Dalai Lama, to deemphasize his role as head of one sect and to strengthen his legitimacy as head of the entire Tibetan community. Still, while Lopez assures us that quite a few Tibetan deities have distinctly demonic traits, let it be said that Shugden, who would be at home in a blood-and-guts computer game, was not a particularly reputable deity for an international religion of compassion and nonviolence. Significantly, when pro-Shugden hostility to the Dalai Lama surfaced on a visit to England, the English newspapers came out strongly for the Dalai Lama, portraying the pro-Shugden group as a cult.

We have here an interesting cultural moment. For a start, the propitiation of Shugden played an important role in the historically authentic Tibetan Buddhism of the dominant Geluk Sect. Moreover, we usually think of a "cult" as a small group of devoted followers gathered around a charismatic leader and devoted to religious principles that lack historical foundation; but as the Dalai Lama reshapes Tibetan Buddhism for the world stage, his Western admirers respond with glib approval to his authority to determine what does and does not constitute the proper "religion."

From Tibetan Buddhism, Lopez turns at last to the Tibetan "nation." It is in large measure a construct of the Tibetan diaspora, of displaced Tibetans discovering themselves in their mirror image in the West. (Lopez notes young Tibetans who are disappointed that monks do not live up to the representations of them in Western writings.) And finally Lopez arrives at the idealized Tibet, at "Shangri-la," with the "patron-priest" relationship that once existed with China now shifting to international patrons. The pure kingdom of Shambhala exists in the imagination, and it now looks to a much wider and grander field for the laity that is required for the preservation of the religion, until the day comes when it will emerge triumphant.



THE DALAI LAMA BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

As Lopez observes, it was in the diaspora that Buddhism came to define "Tibet," as it was transformed into Shambhala, where the Buddhist Dharma is preserved in its pure form. But the historical realities are much more complex. In truth, the Geluk Sect, whose head is the Dalai Lama, held secular authority over the region around Lhasa; and there were other sects, and other groups in other regions. Lopez the scholar is aware that religion continually shifts shape; but here Lopez the scholar collides with Lopez the believer.

Consider the following passage, in which Lopez describes the roles of monks and laity in preconquest Tibet.

> By adopting a certain lifestyle, then, in which the transient pleasures of married life are renounced, monks provide the

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opportunity for the layperson to amass a certain karmic capital. In return, monks receive the fruits of the labor of the laity—labor that they themselves have eschewed—in the form of their physical support. More specifically, monks do what laypeople cannot do because they generally do not know how: recite texts, perform rituals, and sometimes mediate. Laypeople do those things that monks are forbidden to do: till the soil, engage in business, raise families.

Recast in a different rhetoric for different purposes, this description is essentially the Chinese justification for the havoc that they have wreaked on Tibetan Buddhism. For if, as Lopez and others note, 15 percent of the population were (male) monks, we have roughly every two males supporting one monk. If we exclude non-working children and the aged from the non-monastic population in a pre-industrial society, the Buddhist establishment was receiving one whopping proportion of "the fruits of the labor of the laity." We are substantially beyond tithing.

So Shangri-la had a dark underbelly. With such a large proportion of productive surplus going to support the monasteries, a family with too many children to feed had no choice but to give males to the monastery, thus perpetuating the system. And it is useful to remember that the monastic establishment is a place where a religious point of view and a nonreligious point of view must part company. From the religious point of view described in the passage quoted above, Tibetan society before the Chinese conquest was characterized by a contractual relation between the monastic establishment and the laity, with religious merit given in exchange for physical labor. One has to believe strongly in the efficacy of religious merit to think that this was a good bargain, considering the very pragmatic social burden that it entailed.

It is, moreover, a dangerous and ethically problematic position to assume confidently that the Tibetan laity were completely content with this bargain. There is some truth, then, in the Chinese charge of monastic serfdom. To be sure, the laity were believers; but there is a strong element of social coercion in this kind of belief. You support the monks in the belief that good things will happen to you if you do and bad things will happen to you if you do not.

From another point of view, of course, the charm of Tibet's isolation was that it made possible the enforcement of a religious and social system that admitted no alternatives. This may be another lesson of the myth of Shambhala that Lopez tells in his last chapter. For the purity of the kingdom, there must be uniformity. No outside influences are permitted. Is this what we mean, however, when we demand "freedom of religion" for the Tibetans? Enthusiasts are drawn to the "purity" of Tibet as a realm devoted entirely to the Buddhist Dharma. Yet outside the Himalayas our judgments must be quite otherwise, when we are confronted with the drive to such ideological and religious purity.

This is one of those occasions when cultural relativism threatens to become odious. Should we defend social practices that we ourselves would never tolerate in the name of protecting the purity of another culture, which we can then regard aesthetically, as an object of contemplation? The alternative, of course, may be to destroy the culture, which is what the Chinese are now doing. There are no good answers to such questions. But this much is certain: we must avoid romanticizing. In appreciating the considerable wonders of Tibetan Buddhism, we must not forget that toiling laity, driven by faith or fear or force to give a large proportion of "the fruits of their labor" to the monasteries. We do not know exactly how they felt. Some probably made their gifts gladly, some bitterly. But we should not trust the reports of monks in this matter.

Such a spirit of disenchantment allows one to provide a second ending, and a happy one, to Lopez's book, an ending in keeping with his vision of a new community of Tibetan Buddhist laity spread out over the globe. For it is also the fact that the diaspora religious establishment of Tibetan Buddhism is now free of the ugly social contract that preserved it in the past. Finally it can continue to exist by drawing not only on a greater worldwide surplus, but also on a surplus that is truly given freely.

STEPHEN OWEN is James Bryant Conant University Professor at Harvard University.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 5*

colleges and universities. But that's illegal. Both constitutional and statutory law would prohibit, for instance, a school from deliberately choosing some admissions requirement in order to keep the number of Italians and blacks below a particular level and pump up the number of WASPs. Deciding to scrap the SAT because it permits "too many" whites and Asians to get in is no different.

ROGER CLEGG
General Counsel
Center for Equal Opportunity
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

As a former admissions officer at Amherst College, I read your articles on SATs and college admissions with great interest. Adrian Wooldridge's piece was right on target as it traced the wild swirlings of contradictory thought surrounding the use of the test. The bizarre "Newspeak" that went on in the Amherst admissions office at decision time about SATs and minority students is a case in point: Scores were "valid" for white students but "not really helpful" for African Americans or Latinos, but we were in no way creating a "double tier" system for acceptance. I always felt a little despair when we'd spend so much time debating the academic brilliance of a white student as the primary criterion for admission yet discount academic trouble signs in favor of vague notions of "leadership" or "motivation" when it came time to talk about minority (read: non-Asian) students.

This is not to say that these students were not somehow worthy of admission, but the alacrity with which we could change gears in regard to the SAT scores continued to surprise me even after eight years.

WILLARD M. DIX
Via the Internet

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TRAVELER'S DIARIST

Festival

EVERYONE EVERYWHERE SEEMS TO be preparing for the coming of the year 2000. And I don't just mean the Y2K botch. In Jerusalem, for example, the arrival of the next millennium inevitably carries expectations of another Coming—just as the advent of the first millennium did. Some Jews, known as Lubavitchers, are already awaiting the transmogrified person of their dead Rebbe, another in a long line of false messiahs who have brought disaster to the House of Israel. And for Christians, let's remember, the event would not be the first but the Second Coming. How many of the faithful will actually appear on the Mount of Olives to watch his entry into the holy city through the Gates of Mercy—sealed centuries ago and deliberately blocked (legend has it) by a Muslim cemetery—is hard to predict. The city is preparing for a million, maybe more.

I'VE JUST READ *SACRED SPACE: Shrine, City, Land*, edited by Zwi Werblowsky and Benjamin Kedar (NYU Press). It's about Jewish, Christian, Islamic, Buddhist, and Hindu holy centers where God reveals himself to humanity. These are all places of pilgrimage, and presumably all of them attract crackpots. My guess is, though, that Jerusalem—being central to Jews, Christians, and, in our time, for political reasons, Muslims, too—attracts more crackpots than others. Indeed, there is a psychiatric phenomenon known as "Jerusalem syndrome" which afflicts some visitors with not only mystical experience but also religious delusion. One of the book's essays, "Psychiatric Hospitalization of Tourists in Jerusalem," reports that patients identified themselves variously with Satan, Mary, Jesus, King David, Moses, John the Baptist, and God ... but that the vast majority imagined themselves the Messiah. No less.

IT'S SAD/TO BE THE MAYOR OF Jerusalem/It is terrible./How can any man be the mayor of a city like that? I thought of these lines by Yehuda Amichai as we sat at an open-air opening of the far-ranging fifteenth Jerusalem Film Festival just beneath Mount Zion. Yes, this was the same festival at which actor Assi Dayan, son of Moshe, let loose the usual famous father, angry child vulgarities disguised as left politics. (Egypt, ostensibly at peace with Israel, was the only invited movie-making country that would not let its films be shown at the festival.) Entering the amphitheater, the mayor, Ehud Olmert, was showered with boos. He is a man of the right, and Jerusalem's tiny cultural elite are mostly people of the left, morally haughty and socially superior. No matter that Olmert has spent more on the festival and other secular institutions than his predecessor Teddy Kollek ever did. Olmert also spends more on services in Arab East Jerusalem. There is, by the way, little nostalgia for Kollek in those precincts now. Don't get me wrong: I strongly supported Kollek. But I like Olmert as a person. What I don't like is that he permits national religious chauvinist ultras to hold Israel hostage to their ugly designs. I am not referring to those anti-Zionist ultra-orthodox who don't care one whit about territory. *They* are concerned only about the eternal questions. I mean those who shroud their jingoism in prayer shawls. They buy property in Jerusalem's Arab neighborhoods, not because they are integrationists, but because they are expulsionists. Yes, they are few. But they hate Arabs like no one else in Israel does. They should be marginalized from the great drama over Jerusalem in which the stakes for Jews are indeed enormous.

IT IS TRUE THAT, GIVEN THE TINY margin of the usual governing coalitions, the political parties of Jewish fundamentalism have had inordinate power. The two big secular parties, Labor and Likud, have never had the courage to break with their Haredi (literally, "quaking") partners and forge a unity government that could ignore them. So what Bibi Netanyahu now cedes to the black coats Shimon Peres had ceded also. Nonetheless, I believe that the mainstream will soon come together because Netanyahu will need Labor for the sensible deal with the Palestinians that his far-right allies will not accept. That will also be the opportunity to end the blackmail of the rabbis. This blackmail, which is mostly for funding, is actually a self-insulating retreat from earlier and more ambitious aims to restrict the lives of the nonreligious majority. You have only to look at Jerusalem. Ten years ago, on Friday nights, Sabbath eve, thousands of young Jerusalemites would flock to Tel Aviv, a happening place always. Now, all Jerusalem's movie houses are open, plus clubs, restaurants, theaters, and concert halls. And the fact is that it all began in the Cinematheque, the organizer of the recent film festival, which did its first Friday night screening while hundreds of Haredim observed the Sabbath by shouting and throwing stones across the road.

MY FIRST NIGHT BACK I WENT TO Lincoln Center where its Summer Festival was in full swing. And I do mean swing. The vast plaza amidst the vaster granite temples of culture was filled with dancing couples, young and younger ... and older. The light-hearted crowd cut easily across racial, ethnic, and class lines—this was a genuine public space. Everything was free. A band played tango; dancers danced tango. Two young men, almost unnoticed, tangoed together, as in last year's British film, *Beautiful Thing*. All of this was another expression of the culture's current rage for tango—sexually aggressive yet stylized—as evidenced by the movies *Shall We Dance?* and *The Tango Lesson*, the Broadway musical *Forever Tango*, Yo-Yo Ma playing tango at the Supper Club, and tango records by Yo-Yo, Daniel Barenboim, Gidon Kremer. When I crossed the tent put up for the festival, I crossed back to the Israel I had just left. The Gesher Theater, made up of Russian immigrants, was performing in Hebrew (with simultaneous earphone English translation) *Adam Resurrected*, a Holocaust play based on a novel by Yoram Kaniuk. This searingly depicted magic realist life of a circus clown who survived the camps only to live out his days in a mental hospital in Israel evokes both *Cabaret* and *Marat/Sade*.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I SAW THE Hamburg Ballet in Germany, and I saw it perform again last week at Lincoln Center. The company has an American director-choreographer, John Neumeier, whose dances are usually done to especially lyrical music you already know. This evening's were to Mahler's Fifth Symphony and his haunting song cycle "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," here named "Soldier Songs." But great music does not assure great dance, which this certainly was, at once tense and fluid, vaunting and connected, erotic and philosophical, bodies linked as if by moral decision. I've never seen ballet so mesmerizing. The Hamburg has 18 principal dancers and soloists, only one of them from Germany. Is this a reflection of the new Europe?

MARTIN PERETZ

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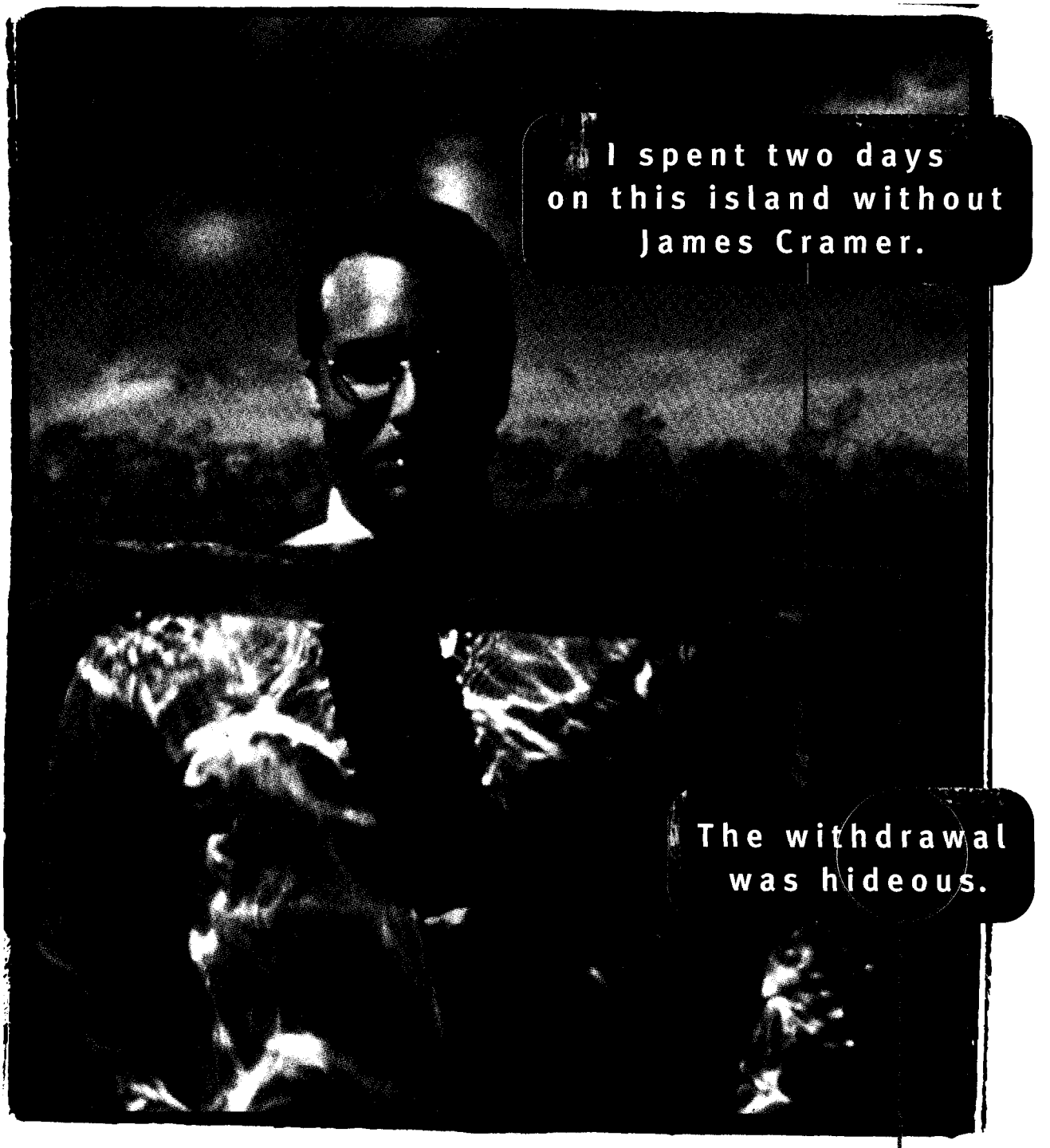

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